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THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

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AUTHOR OF "LADY CLAUDINE; OR, THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE;" &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.

We now beg leave to take our readers to a venerable mansion situated not far from the palace of St. James, an old-fashioned quarter of London in which still remained a few of the ancient nobility, fondly and proudly dwelling in the old-time houses in which their ancestors of the time of Harry the VIIIth made their homes. The mansion is of stone gray and age-worn, and the style of the broad low facade is that of massive gothic order, which gives to a private residence something the air of a castle. An earl's coronet above the chief entrance showed that it was the abode of a peer of the realm.

It is the abode of the Earl of Conybeare and his daughter, Lady Isabel, the wife and mother having been for three years moldering in the family mausoleum in the church crypt of Conybeare-ford, the original seat of the lord of Inglis, situated not far from London, southwardly.

It was from this aristocratic abode the earl departed on the evening of the opening of our first chapter, to go to the gaming saloon for the purpose of accepting the gambling challenge of Sir Paul Varney.

We will enter the house which he leaves ere the old footman slowly closes the door, and proceed to the rear room on the first floor. We pass through a noble old paneled hall hung with portraits of a long line of ancestors and ancestresses—a noble-looking race, as seen by the dim light of two wax candles, held each in the hand of a bronzed statue, standing in niches at the foot of a grand staircase—so broad and shallow in its angle of ascent that a knight on horseback might mount with easy gallop to the upper floor—as tradition says a mad-cap, wine-filled cavalier once did in the reveling days of the merry monarch, whose courtiers "seemed desirous only of out-doing in wild prankings," says a contemporary writer, "the wild prankings of their wanton master."

This hall, so venerable, grave and stately, terminated at the end farthest from the main entrance in a door of dark oak, above which were suspended, arranged in various devices, arms and armor, helmet and cuirass, sword and spear, all of the glory of former days. The door was ajar. Opening it with the respectful hesitation becoming a stranger who feels himself an intruder, yet confiding in the guidance of an author, (whose craft possesses that "open sesame" which no door can be proof against, if they choose to open it to their readers,) you advance, dear reader, with assurance and increasing curiosity. The apartment is a dark wainscoted place, the moldings relieved with burnished gold. The hangings of the tall windows are of the heaviest and richest tapestry, brown and gold curiously interwoven, producing a gorgeous effect. The furniture was partly adapted to a library, and partly to a salon sans-souci, where one could lounge and idle in the most luxurious manner—a tasteful combination of the massive burnishing of Queen Bess's days, and the light and elegant creations of modern times.

The floor was marble laid in mosaic, and covered here and there with rich mats, of the richest Persian dyes, leaving the polished pavement to appear here and there, the gorgeous rugs being placed only before chairs, lounges and tables, to protect temporarily the feet.

The sun had already set, and darkness and fog, as we have before described, hung over London, and through this increasing darkness and fog was the lord of this house now making his way to his rendezvous at the "Hall" where we have seen him stripped of all his fortune insanely ventured upon a single turn of a card! With him, however, we have done for the present. It is our purpose now to present to our readers his daughter, Isabel, and for this purpose have entered his mansion and penetrated to this apartment. By the light of a silver Pompeiian lamp, with four burners blazing in perfumed oil of olive, we have seen what we have just described; and the same light falls softly radiant upon the person of the earl's daughter.

She is slowly pacing the floor, her graceful head bent slightly forward, her fore-finger pressed thoughtfully upon her beautiful lip; her large expressive and now meditative eyes, (full and noble in their outline as an American fawn's,) fixed upon the marble floor, while a shade of sadness rests upon her fair young brow, like the shadow of an April cloud, ere yet it empties its rain, upon the lake beneath it.

She was a little above the medium height, perhaps three inches taller than the Medicean Venus, with the superb and lovely shoulder lines and Diana-like fulness of the figure which sculptors dream of, but seldom can find in real life faultlessly developed. Her step was free and light, her air easy and graceful as the gliding of a swan over the surface of the undulatory waves, and, all in all, she was the charming ideal of a perfectly beautiful maiden just blooming into the delicious ripeness of a beautiful woman.

Her dark brows, not regularly arched, but shaped like an unstrung bow, lent intelligence and thought to the dark hazel orbs, out of which her pure soul looked in beauty and love. Her face, more brunette in its soft, shadowy tone than blonde, was now pale with some weight upon her mind, which also caused her to walk to and fro, restless and meditating.

THE ARISTOCRATIC ASSASSIN FOILED.

Suddenly she glanced up and stopped, as a door opened, and a young woman entered, dressed in black velvet basque, *a la Bayadere*, adorned down the front with knots of blue ribbon, a pretty coquettish collar about her snow-white neck, and a "flirting-cap," not bigger than one's tea-saucer, ruffled jauntily, upon her head. A neat, embonpoint figure, rosy cheeks and sparkling blue eyes, small feet, and plump little hands, were well set off, as the wearer intended they should be, by this tasteful costume.

"Mistress Isabel, did you call?"

"Has my father gone out?"

"Yes, my lady. His lordship bid me say he would not be home to-night."

"What can have come over my poor father?" she said, unheard by her maid. "He has not been himself for some days; and to-day has not only refused me entrance to his room, where I went thither fearing he was ill, but now he leaves and bids my maid convey the message to me that he will not be in again to-night. I fear some great sorrow weighs upon his soul. Bettie."

"My lady!"

"How looked he?"

"Gloomy as a sexton, Mistress Isabel."

"Silence! Give not so much pertness to your speech in speaking of my lord."

"I didn't mean to be pert, my lady," answered Bettie, demurely; and then to herself, "My lord is glum as ever an owl, and my lady is getting as grave and sad as a Methodist. I *do* wonder what *is* the matter? A great lady, with two lovers, ought to be happy, while poor little me, with one, am brimful of delight, and feel like singing all day long."

"Bettie, if Lord Harry Neagle calls to-night he must not be admitted. It was to give you this order I rung for you."

"No, my lady?" and the femme de chambre opened wide her sweet blue eyes with great wonder.

"*No.*"

"Why I thought, my lady, he was to be married to you, and——"

"—st! Be not so ready with your thoughts, child. Whatever this young nobleman may have been to me, I see him no more!"

"Dear me! He will break his heart, or be sure and blow out his brains! Such a pretty gentleman—and so fine a smile, and *such* teeth! and then he never sees me but he gives me a crown; and——"

"That will do, Bettie," said her fair mistress, smiling. "You understand what I have said—he must not be admitted!"

"Yes, mistress—yes, my lady. What has come over her I wonder?" she continued, in a half tone, and pettishly. "To dismiss such a lover! I wonder what next? Sir Villiers will have to go, I suppose. There's no accounting for great ladies' ways. Now here I, poor little Bettie Page, only an inn-keeper's daughter, have one nice lover as ever lass had, and to send him packing about his business when he comes here next Sunday night to court me, would break both our hearts—*mine* I'm sure! I bless my stars I'm not 'a lady' to hold lovers so cheap. I'm afraid Lord Harry has been getting too wild, and she has heard about his being so dissipated."

"Bettie, what are you thinking about?"

"Me? Nothing, my lady! I was only wondering if I should let Sir Villiers Courtney in!"

The maiden's pale and beauteous face grew richly crimson, and the generous blood of her startled heart mounted even to her temples at this name. She stopped full in her walk, and said, fixing her eyes on her maid—

"Why did you name him, girl? He does not call here often."

"He might call, your ladyship."

"If he does, I have no cause for refusing to see my dead brother's friend. Some one is now at the street door. It is a double knock, and I fear it is Lord Neagle."

"What shall I say?" asked the maid, with her hand on the hall-door.

"Tell William the footman that he must make some excuse for me if it is he—I cannot see him!" answered Lady Isabel, turning pale.

"He shall be sent about his business, if your ladyship says so," answered Bettie, as she left the room. When reaching the hall door it was already open, and she saw the tall person of Lord Harry Neagle standing within, in the act of giving his card to William."

"You cannot come in, my lord," said the little maid, running towards them. "My lady has forbid me to let you come in."

"She has, minx," answered the nobleman, the same whom we a few hours afterwards saw enter the tap-room of "The Sack," and embark upon the river with the one-armed captain. As he spoke he tapped her on the cheek with his glove, and smiling through a face deadly pale with the sudden anger this message roused, he added, "Go and tell Lady Isabel that I cannot leave without an interview with her."

"I dare not, my lord! She is in earnest; and when my mistress puts her foot down, she wouldn't move it for the duke himself."

"She's firm enough, I know that well," said the nobleman, in an aside tone. "But, Bettie, I will not obey your mistress. I must bribe you a little. Take this guinea—and disappear! William, here are two guineas—do not attempt to oppose me! I must see Lady Isabel for a few minutes."

Bettie—who, with an eye to her future marriage, never refused gold, and was lining a nice little nest with the coin given her from time to time—disappeared promptly, with a shy look at the young nobleman, who at once walked forward along the hall, while the footman, confounded at his boldness, and not wishing to give back the gold, yet fearing the consequences of letting him see his mistress, danced grotesquely around him, now before now behind, his hands uplifted, and his voice reduced to a husky stage-whisper:

"Don't, my Lord—don't, my Lord! It'll be as much as my place is worth!"

He then ran forward, and, opening the door of the room, cried out, actually ushering Lord Neagle in:

"He would come in, my Lady! I tried to——"

"Who would come——"

But this interrogation of surprise was interrupted by seeing the audacious young nobleman standing before her.

"What means this bold and unmanly intrusion, my Lord?" she demanded, her dark eye flashing with indignation, before the light of which the footman took flight, leaving the two standing confronting one another. Lord Neagle did not move from his footsteps; but with a graceful air of deprecating humility admirably assumed, he, with immoveable lips, awaited to hear all she had to say.

"This visit, sir, itself is an insult to me after our parting last Wednesday night in this room. How, then, shall I designate this intrusion into my very presence?"

Lord Neagle bowed as if he waited to hear more and was ready to hear patiently all she had to say. This manner surprised and displeased her. She turned haughtily away, as if about to leave the room, her indignation rendering her beauty singularly striking and impressive.

"Lady Isabel, your anger is becoming," he said, with the most provoking calmness. "I am fortunate to be the instrument of developing your beauty in its most charming phase. I have heard angry angels are splendid creatures, and so are beautiful angry women——"

"My Lord," with a tremulous and wounded voice—"from you—I——"

"Lady Isabel!" tenderly, and kneeling before her, "forgive me! Tears?—then am I a monster!"

"Tears of anger—of shame, that I have hitherto so far given thee my love—that now you have the power, with the wicked heart, to mock me!"

"Yes, Lady Isabel, you once did give me your love," he said, with looks of deep emotion and sorrow in his fine eyes, "and my heart was as the earth globe circling around yours its central sun, receiving from yours light and warmth; but now my heart is all night. You have withdrawn your light and——"

"Stand up, my Lord—do not kneel to me! Of the past speak not. We were young. Let there be no more speech between us! I shrink from a repetition of the fearful scene of last week. Go!"

"Not until you hear me!" said the nobleman, rising to his feet, and folding his arms across his breast. Calm and pale was the face, and cold the gaze he bent upon her. She betrayed fear, and her looks expressed a desire to fly. Half in a flying, half in a listening attitude, her hands clasped over her heart, she bent her head to hear his words.

"The scenes of last Wednesday night will not be repeated, Lady Isabel. I have come hither to-night to plead my cause—to demand—nay, not demand, but to ask for a reversal of sentence. I love you still with unchanging passion! Your image is engraven, with lines that death cannot obliterate, upon my heart of hearts. In eternity I shall love you!"

"Enough, my—my lord!"

"Hear me! When the guilty malefactor is about to expiate his dark crime upon the gallows, the clemency of stern justice gives him leave to be heard from the scaffold. This privilege, condemned by thee, I at least claim, and you must hear my defence. Three years ago, with my gun upon my shoulder, I met you wandering astray from your friends, in a wild glen of Loch Lomond, and guided you, almost believing you to be an angel fallen down from Paradise, to that shepherd's cot, which we with difficulty reached by night-fall. There all night stood I watch over you as you slept from very weariness. The next morning I placed you safely in the hands of your rejoicing father and friends, converting their despair into joy; and when you pressed my brow, Isabel, and thanked me with tears glittering in your eyes, I felt that that soft hand must be mine forever more."

"That is past, my lord!" This was said with emotion, struggling to be firm and cold, but unsuccessfully.

The maiden's bosom heaved like a panting and alarmed pigeon's, and her blood rose and fell in the expressive thermometer of her face, as her heart warmed or cooled towards him. It was evident that, while she would rather not listen, she did listen half-pleased—half displeased. She was angry at his going on—but she would have been disappointed if he had suddenly stopped.

"*All* past—true it is, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," he answered, with a slight tone of reproach, yet keeping the same cold, calm gaze upon her. "That night I watched over you, and by the bright moonbeams beheld your face lighted up with a pale, mysterious glory; my heart went out to yours, and to this hour, goes out to yours for the love it craves! But, it is past! Years we loved! Thy noble father withheld not his consent to our betrothal, and one year ago we pledged our hearts and hands to one another! In the presence of the blessed angels, whose life is love, in the sight of the holy stars, bright homes of love, by the light of the pure moon, the torch of true love, we vowed eternal troth one to the other! Alas! how is that vow kept by you, Isabel?"

"My lord, I can hear no more! You know my decision. You know my reasons for wishing our acquaintance should terminate. Whatsoever *has* been cannot affect the *present!* That leaf must be torn out and destroyed!"

"Lady Isabel, do not go, one word! I know well your reasons. You heard that I had lost my fortune by gaming—that I have killed a man in France in a duel—that I have wronged a young girl, daughter of a country parson! Hear me. What I have lost by gaming I have regained by gaming. As to my duel, it was a just one——"

"I hear not."

"I swear it was; and if a lover is to be rejected for a duello, maidens would fare ill who seek marriage. The earl, your father, did not condemn me. As for the silly girl——"

"Enough, my lord; you cannot acquit yourself. I do not like your character. I loved you, believing you, and when you really were, perhaps, pure and true. But, with my eyes open, my heart closes! I cannot unite myself with, and commit my happiness to, a duellist—a seducer! Hate you I do not. I only pity you. Good night, my lord! Now, that we perfectly comprehend each other, you can have no excuse for intruding your presence again upon me. If you feel wronged, think of my own suffering—think of my shame, anguish, and deeply-wounded heart, when I discovered that the man I looked up to as to a demi-god, whose love stood almost between me and my love to my Maker, was a duelist and a libertine—think of the injury inflicted upon me, and name not your own!"

Thus speaking with feeling and emotion, the Lady Isabel was about to leave the apartment, when the nobleman sprang towards her and seized her by the arm, and with the other hand held above her bosom a glittering stiletto.

"Haughty and proud girl! if you disdain me thus, you shall never be the treasure of any other man!" His eyes flashed with the glittering light of resolved revenge. His grasp upon her fair, white arm, was that of a maniac. The hand which held the dagger was ready to obey the wild will. Instinctively, she saw that he meant her death, and with an imploring tone, she said—

"Do not slay me—oh, do not kill me, my lord!"

"Swear, then, to become my wife!"

"Never—I would rather die!"

"Then die!"

The shining steel was unhesitatingly descending to bury itself in her bosom, when she uttered a shriek of joy, and the upraised arm of the assassin was grasped by a hand as strong as the grasp his own held upon Isabel's arm. The dagger was seized, and hurled to the floor, while the nobleman reeled across the room, yielding irresistibly to a strength superior to his own power of resistance.

"Oh, Sir Villiers!" exclaimed Lady Isabel, "Heaven has sent you!"

"Who is this assassin?" demanded her deliverer, as he caught Lord Neagle by the breast, and held him at arm's length as he gazed into his face.

"Release and let him go, Sir Villiers. I am now safe. *He is* a nobleman! I fear him no longer!"

"A nobleman!" repeated Sir Villiers Courtney; "such an Italian bravado, who would drive his stiletto to the heart of woman—a nobleman! A base, cowardly murderer! But he *may* be a nobleman—there are such things among them as this—and for thy sake, Lady Isabel, I release him!"

This was spoken with the most refined irony and sovereign contempt, beneath the tone of which the bold eyes of Lord Neagle dropped. He, himself, had for a moment been stupefied by the sudden grasp upon his arm, and the sight of the intruder; and for a space was unable, between rage and shame and amazement, to utter a single word.

He now spoke as Sir Villiers Courtney released his hold of his collar, and flung him away.

"My fortunes frown upon me to-night, Sir Villiers, if thou art the baronet of that name. But fortunes change, and there is time for all things, especially for vengeance. There is my card. If you refuse to meet me in single combat, I swear that I will take thy life out of thy heart, wheresoever you cross my path!"

"What—Lord Neagle?" exclaimed the baronet, as he read the card. "Is it possible? I have heard of thee, and perhaps ought not to be amazed. Surely Heaven sent me hither to save the life of that beautiful lady. Go, sir! I need not to ask you to explain to me why you would have slain her. Finding the door ajar, and hearing voices, I came in upon you undesignedly, but not without twice knocking at the door, but I was unheard. Nor should I have opened it, Lady Isabel," he added, turning to her, "but for his loud voice threatening your life."

"Heaven be thanked," responded Lady Isabel, who, with clasped hands, was seated upon a sofa, upon which she had sunk, almost overcome with the excitement of the scene she had passed through. "Briefly, Sir Villiers Courtney, you shall know all. It is due to you, to whom I owe my life. Lord Neagle and I have been betrothed! (The baronet started, and looked with amazement from one to the other.) Recently, I have learned that he has forfeited the title to my love or respect. He still demands my hand. I have firmly refused him, and hence the attempt which, under Providence, you frustrated, to take my life."

"Lord Neagle, were you ten times a lord duke, you have forfeited all title to the consideration of a gentleman. I know your character, and any lady would be justified in doing what Lady Isabel Conybeare has done. *There* is your card, sir!" and he cast the quadrangular piece of paper at the young nobleman's feet. "A man who, to his other crimes, adds the attempted assassination of a pure girl, because she will not stain her soul with a union with him and his crimes, is beyond the pale of the recognition of an honorable man. If you will seek my life, because I decline the duello with you, why, please God, I'll take care of it in the best manner I am able. There is the door, my lord. Both are wide open to the street!"

As he spoke, the baronet, a tall, commanding, and thoroughly noble-looking young man of seven or eight-and-twenty, pointed with his extended arm to the door. It was full half a minute (during which he never moved his outstretched and imperative looking arm, no more than if it had been cast in iron) before Lord Neagle saw fit to move; but seeing that the large, brave, lion-like eyes of the baronet were kindling with a terrible fire, he felt that longer delay would be dangerous, if not fatal; for he had heard of Sir Villiers Courtney not only as one of the most chivalrous gentlemen of England, but as one of the bravest soldiers in the East Indian army, who, in the East, had won the most brilliant military laurels with his own bright sword. He would have spoken as he retired, but the eye of the baronet kept him silent; and as a wolf steals away when he perceives the lion, so got away out of the room and out of the house the defeated, enraged, vindictive nobleman, gnashing his teeth at leaving the lady he had lost alone with a man whom the proudest ladies in England smiled upon, and who evidently had the power and address to win wherever he would condescend to woo.

As Lord Neagle passed out, William was just closing the door.

"Idiot—villain!" he cried, striking him with his clenched hand in the mouth. "To your carelessness in not closing the door I owe this disgrace!"

"Indeed—I forgot—my lord—I——"

The infuriated young man did not wait to hear the old man's defense from his bleeding lips, but leaving the house, sprung into a hackney coach which awaited him at the corner, and was driven furiously away, at the risk of being overturned or dashed to pieces in the dense, foggy obscurity of the night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CUL-DE-SAC.

The hackney-coach, after passing along several streets, turned short into a crooked thoroughfare, into which led several of the narrow alleys that thread the wretched purlieus in the rear of Westminster Abbey—the diurnal shadow of which moves slowly over the most wretched and wicked quarter of London.

At the entrance of one of these lanes, called Guy Fawkes' Alley—from the tradition that he once lived in it, Lord Neagle left the hackney-coach, and, paying the man his fare, he stood until the carriage was fairly out of sight, and then, wrapping his cloak about the lower portion of his face, he walked as rapidly down the alley as the darkness would permit. Only here and there a dim lamp gave uncertain light to his way; and at intervals a glimmer from the low window of some vile shop aided his progress.

At length he came to the corner of a court, or cul-de-sac, shut up at the lower end by the high wall of an ancient grave-yard—shut up since the plague had filled it to repletion.

"Faugh what vile dens rogues select to dwell in!" he said, with an interjection of disgust at the smells which filled the nauseous air. "But if noblemen will have such companions for a time, they must needs seek them out—chose they the borders of hades to dwell in! This must be the place. The direction was clear, and I well fastened it in my mind. But one must be ready here! Thank fortune I have my pistol! My stiletto I have left. Accursed dagger that failed to revenge me! and thrice accursed the hand that arrested mine! Sir Villiers Courtney has a life and death account to settle with me, as soon as this Tower business gives me the leisure! She'll find another lover in him, I doubt not! Perhaps I had best delay," he ironically continued, talking with himself as he moved down the cul-de-sac, with his hand upon his pistol, "until she is deeply in love, and strike to her heart while I strike at his! Oh, here is the church-yard wall. The last door on the left. This is the house, with its second story overhanging the wall. Now, Harry Neagle, have thy wits about thee! Let not a false dame make thy hand tremble, or becloud thy wits!"

As he spoke he ascended three stone steps, worn hollow in the middle with the feet of many generations. A sort of balcony overhung them, and cast the door-way in deep shadow. *By feeling*, he found an iron knocker, and, raising it once, let it fall softly. This signal was enough. There was a footstep heard within, and chains and bolts were rattled, and then a small sliding-panel was opened wide enough to expose obscurely the face of a person on the inner side.

"What do you want?" asked the mouth in the face.

"Tower!"

"Crown?"

"Jewels."

"All right, my Lord."

"*Sh!*—no my lording here!" said Lord Neagle, with a cautioning manner. "I am glad I've found the place, and you here ready, Hinchcliff," he added, as the door was carefully opened and immediately closed after him.

The man, whom Lord Neagle called Hinchcliff, now took a lantern from a covered box, in which he had hid it before he opened the door, and led the way through a deserted entry and two untenanted rooms, low in the ceiling, and smelling moldy, as if long shut up.

"This is a vile den, Hinchcliff."

"Yes, my Lord—but safe. *That's* the point, you know. The old rookery has been haunted this twenty years; and as everybody who rented it has been driven out by the devil or some of his imps, the landlord now lets it lay—if landlord it has at all, for I've never seen one. Take care the step, sir; it is slippery, and not over strong."

"Haunted!" said Lord Neagle, shivering partly with the damp, and partly with instinctive dread of—he knew not what. Perhaps the ghost of the young man he shot in his duel in the Bois de Bologne, came rising grimly up through the darkness of the subterranean vault he was descending into after his guide.

They soon came to an arched way, that terminated in a broad door of iron plates laid together, overlapped like scales on a coat of mail. Here he paused, as if hesitating to advance.

"If I did not know you well, Hinchcliff," the nobleman said, laying his hand upon the arm of the man, "I would go no further."

"It is only a few steps, my Lord," he answered, opening the door, already ajar, and showing a large, square room, with stone walls. In it were two benches, a rude, oaken table, and a chest. There was no window, or even grating, to admit air or light—a cold, dark, hideous-looking chamber underground.

"This is my palace, my lord. I welcome you to it," said the man—the same short, stout-shouldered, panther-eyed fellow, about forty years old, whom the reader has already seen, a few hours after, with Lord Neagle, in the tap-room of 'The Sack.' "Sit down, sir."

The nobleman took a seat upon a settle, and looked about him searchingly, to see if there were any other men concealed in the obscurity of the chamber. His hand held the butt of his pistol, beneath his cloak.

"A confounded black hole, man! I would swear it had been a sepulchre!"

"I don't know, my lord, but it might have been in old days. But coffins and bodies are now all turned to dust, if it was; and, as for me—I have no fear o' dead men. As for that matter, the big, round globe is a tomb, and holds the dead from Adam till to-day. It's a faint heart fears a dead man! I fear at this moment one London constable of the detective police more," added the fellow, with a laugh, "than all the dead men in England's million graves!"

"Don't keep me here longer than is necessary, Hinchcliff. I am chilled, and my teeth chatter. This infernal place must be under the church."

"To be sure, my lord, and all the more secure. Now I will show you my work for the past week. It's as pretty a job as was ever done in London."

"I hope it will do its work."

"That I have no fears of," answered the man; and unlocking the chest, he took from it a bunch of large and unusually massive keys, the last shining touches of the file upon their edges still sparkling in the light of the lamp by which he displayed them.

The nobleman took them in his hands, and examined them slightly, and returning them, said—

"I know nothing about them—all depends on you, man. I place full confidence in your knowledge and skill."

"Never fear, my lord. These keys will open to us every door in the Tower, that stands between the river gate and the Crown Jewels. I have not been a keeper and worker there for seven years for nothing. Be sure, my lord, that I have my vengeance to carry out, as well as you your object, and that revenge to me is dearer than gold or jewels. The wrong done me in that bleak Tower I will never forgive, while I am a living man. Yet this admitting you is but half my vengeance. The rest will come by and by, when the man who wronged me crosses my path! Revenge is sweet, my lord!"

"I believe you, Hinchcliff," answered Lord Neagle, with compressed lips, as he thought of Sir Villiers Courtney and Lady Isabel. "One day I may taste how sweet it is. How many keys?"

"Seven in all, my lord. Heavy enough, too—full four pounds' weight."

"Are you ready to have the chest taken to the boat?"

"Yes. It will be removed in two hours. I have to see one or two parties first, to arrange all."

"And Captain Foy?"

"He will not fail us. We shall be sure and find him in 'The Sack' at twelve o'clock."

"This is all as it should be. I will meet you, Hinchcliff, at the corner of Thames street and the Queen's dock, at quarter before twelve, and we can then go to the Sack Inn together."

"Then your lordship won't remain here, now?"

"No—even if I had nothing else to attend to. I had as lief be in a tomb. I seem now to hear strange sounds, and the gloom looks ugly, as the flickering lamp shapes all sorts of forms against the darkness. I am now assured that I can trust you. The sight of the keys all completed gives me good reason to hope that our adventure will at least be undertaken."

"And if begun, my lord, it will be sure to succeed, if we have no faint hearts nor traitors among us."

Lord Neagle now rose and drew his cloak about him, and moved towards the door. As he did so, he uttered a cry of horror, and started back with a great bound. Before him, shining white and glary in the light of the lamp, stood erect a tall skeleton, with its arms extended.

"What in the name of Heaven and earth is this?" he cried.

"That's my door-keeper, my lord," answered Hinchcliff, with a laugh. "I keep it hung up there to stop any police or other body that might by chance get in and follow me down."

"Only a dead skeleton, after all. Upon my soul, I thought it was Death himself."

"I found it in here, *my lord*, and have fastened it to the door, *so that* when it is by chance left open, it *swings* back into the gap, and hangs there. *But I* beg your lordship's pardon."

"Granted, if you show me the way out forthwith."

The man took up his lantern, and pushing aside the skeleton with, "we must all come to this thing, my lord," led the way back. The young man was greatly relieved as he reached the outer door, which Hinchcliff did not open before he had slid back the blind, and listened with his face to the opening, and looked carefully up the cul-de-sac.

"Coast clear, my lord! At the corner of Thames and Queen's, at quarter to twelve."

"Yes."

"I will be there."

"But, my lord, you've forgotten the bonus to pay for the keys."

"Yes. It was ten guineas. Here they are. These, besides the hundred pounds advanced last week, will assure you that I am at least in earnest, and shall not fail my engagement."

"If you do, you lose the five hundred and fifty dollars, that is all, and I can find some other one who will go shares with me."

"I have too much need of gold to lose this lightly, or refuse to get what awaits us if our enterprise is successful. Confound yon skeleton! My blood runs cold at this moment!"

The two men, after a few words of conversation more, parted, the one to make his way, as rapidly as he could, out of a neighborhood full of peril to any well-dressed person, the other to re-enter his den. As he locked the door, he muttered—

"I knew he would not fail to come. He is too hard up, like many other a young peer, who has borrowed half his inheritance from Jews ere he comes of age, to back out of this. I knew if I could get him to come alone to see me and the keys, I could go safely forward with the rest."

Upon his return to his vaulted apartment, he armed himself, wrapped his square form in a stout pilot coat, placed a slouched brown hat upon his beetle-shaped head, and hung the keys to his belt, tying over them a blue woolen sash, to keep them from making any jingling noise. He then took the empty chest, which was a small black walnut oblong trunk, with four locks upon it, and bound by as many brass hoops. Then taking his lamp, he passed across to the further side of the room, and opened a stone door, the weight of which took both his hands. This conducted him in an opposite direction from that by which Lord Neagle had gone out, and upward by a long flight of stone steps. On each side were tombs, for the passage was beneath the church, and led among the catacombs of its sepulchres. Fearlessly, and with a familiar step, he moved on and upward, until he reached a level place, which was a sort of hall of the dead; for all around it lay the moldering leaden coffins of the long dead. A small door here yielded to his key, and ascending a narrow stair-way, he found his way barred by a wooden door. This also he softly unlocked and opened, and found himself in the sacristy of the church, and on a level with the chancel. The place was perfectly dark, save a faint glimmer, that dimly revealed its outline and furniture, from the street lanterns.

The dweller among tombs having crossed this room, entered the church itself on the left of the altar, and eventually made his way to a side postern that led from the tower into a side lane that passed by at its base. He locked this last door behind him, and stood in the open air. He walked on a little way, and before him was the Thames, darkly flowing by.

Leaving him to pursue his way along its intricate alleys for his own secret purposes, we will now precede Lord Harry Neagle to the residence in Lombard street, of a famous, old, and rich Jew, towards which he rapidly bent his steps on leaving Hinchcliff.

But before introducing ourselves to Salathiel the Isrealite, we will give a few paragraphs to the dissolute young nobleman who has, for a chapter or two past, taken up so much of our attention.

By nature endowed with a fine person, a great intellect, brilliant powers of conversation, a noble name and a large estate, he promised, as he advanced towards his twenty-first year, to be an honor to the peerage, and an ornament to his country. But love of pleasure led to the embrace of vice, and by the time he was one-and-twenty, he had given bonds for half of his estate, to the rich Jew, Salathiel.

The dissoluteness of the minor was expanded in manhood to the widest extravagance, and at length not even the rank and power of his family could shield him from the hand of the law, so that not many weeks before the opening of our story, he had been an inmate of the debtor's prison. These facts he endeavored to keep a secret from Lady Isabel, to whom, ere his fair fame and fortune became impaired, he had been betrothed. From the debtor's prison he had escaped, and reached France, where he had not been five days ere he killed in a duel a young Irish officer, who had heard of his wronging the curate's daughter, of Conybeare-Ford, and refused to recognize him. From Paris, to escape chastisement, he recklessly came back to London in disguise, being under the influence of his passion for Isabel, and wishing to see her and learn from her in person, whether she knew of his career, and knowing all, still would love him, and redeem her vow to marry him. If love is blind, so is guilt! Blind, indeed, must the young nobleman's mind have been to dream even that so pure and lovely a girl would receive him otherwise than with pity and disdain.

The issue of that interview on the Wednesday preceding the opening chapter of our story, the reader has already learned, from the conversation which took place at the second one on this present evening. Surprised, insulted by his presence, an outlaw from both countries, Lady Isabel commanded him to leave her. He obeyed, and left her, secretly vowing revenge. Not daring, however, to appear openly, for fear of re-arrest and the King's Bench Prison, he sullenly walked along, wrapped in his cloak, and meditating what he should do. He feared to trust any man with the knowledge of his person, lest he should be betrayed. Alone and wandering, he sought out an obscure inn where he could lodge. Here he took a wretched room, having disguised himself in a slop-shop as a French sailor, with huge whiskers, before entering the hostel.

He lay upon his rude couch, sleepless, now cursing himself for believing that Lady Isabel would love one who had made himself unworthy of her love, forgetting that no man is worthy of a woman's love who has forfeited the respect of men. *Wives* may love graceless and criminal *husbands*—but the secret of a maiden's love is pride in her lover. She loves him, because she believes him all that is good and true and noble! The love of a wife for a sinning husband is like the love of Christ—it is a veil that covers a multitude of transgressions. If Isabel had been married to Lord Neagle, and as a wife, these things of him had reached her ears, she might have clung to him and defended him, and stood firmly by his side, the exemplar of a trusting, faithful wife. But a maiden has not the courage to cast herself and all her happiness into the arms of one already marked as a man of guilt; nor does duty require it of her. Crime, which severed Heaven from Earth, should sever the heart of the maid betrothed from her unworthy lover's.

Restless, angry, ashamed, tortured with fierce and cutting reflections, this unhappy young man tossed upon his rough sailor's couch. Resolving desperate deeds, and re-resolving, he groaned in anguish. It would be known on the morrow, he felt, that he was in London, and to see Isabel (for this he again wished to do) would be impossible. Ere he had come to any purpose of action, whether to remain in England and dare the worst (for the rejection by Isabel had made him reckless) or to fly to America and bury his disgrace in her dark forests, he sunk into uneasy sleep. By-and-by footsteps coming up the stairs aroused him. Conscious of guilt, and of being a fugitive, and that at any moment he might be discovered and arrested, his first half-waking idea was that it was the police. He sprang to his feet and listened. They approached his door. He heard them at the latch. With the instinct of self-preservation, he leaped from his bed, and rushed to a door on the opposite side. He found that it opened into a closet; but had only time to close it when the other door upon the landing opened, and two men, bearing a light, entered. Through the crevice of the closet-door the fugitive saw that one of them was a sea-faring looking man, and the other a citizen of the lower class. They entered the room and placed the light upon a small table, and looked around scrutinizingly.

"He said some fellow was in one of the beds," said the taller of the two, a saturnine, dark-visaged man, with a long, eagle nose, a red beard, and sinister-looking eyes. He was attired as a Scotch sailor, and wore a woolen plaid cap without a visor; a harsh, hard-faced individual, evidently cool, brave, and unmerciful.

"He must have had his sleep out and gone, for we are alone," answered the other, who was no less than Hinchcliff in person.

"Best make all sure, mon," answered the tall one, looking under the beds, and then walking around the room. He came and tried the closet-door, which the inmate held close with so firm a grasp upon a leathern strap, nailed on the inner side, that he could not move it. "Locked! Now to our talk; and not o'erloud; for there need na' be ony hearers e'en if there be listeners. Ye ken the difference, mon."

"Business it is, Steenie," answered Hinchcliff. "I am glad I met you to-day. An old friend is truer than a new one. I feel I can trust you."

"With your head, John."

"Though we were bairns together, I would hardly do that. So you have been seven years sailing over the seas without making your fortune?"

"Not a bawbee, mon. When my ship got in last Sunday I had 'na seven crowns to buy me a new sark to go to Kirk in."

"A Scotchman would go to church in the other world down stairs, if he could find one there."

"The auld habit sticks to ane, mon. When I I met thee to-day I was as down in the gills as a fish."

"I hardly knew you, Steenie. By your red visage never; but I recognized your long limbs and swinging gait. Said I to myself that is Steenie o' auld Reekie, or the devil in his shape."

"I knew you by your face, John. It's na altered the bit—ony grown blacker and gloomier. So they ha' turned ye oot o' the nice berth ye had sae cannie i' the Tower! An unco black and perilous place for ae honest mon to be in."

"It liked me well enough, Steenie, and I liked it; for I had my salary each month in hard gold, and a neat two rooms for my daughter—and myself—you remember little Kate, Steenie?" and the hard face of the turnkey moved with emotion, and his voice was husked with tender recollections.

"The lass of ten years or thereaboon, that yer wife left ye alone with. I call to mind her bright blue een, her goulden curly hair, her white shoulders and birdie voice. I mind her weel."

"Steenie! You are not a father! You know not how I loved that child, the lesser and lovelier image of her dead mother. She was my companion in my lonely hours in the Tower, my housekeeper, and my every day's joy. She grew up to be a fair flower of seventeen summers. Let me hasten to the end—for I cannot dwell upon the subject. A young officer of the Tower—a noble's son—who fancy the virgin daughters of the commoners to be nurtured for their accursed pleasure, won, how I know not, save by lies and sorcery, my daughter's love. What was the result?"

"Ye need na' tell, friend. I see—I see it a'!"

"She fled from me—with *him!* He came back a month after, and I accused him of carrying off my child. He laughed at me, and denied all knowledge of her—and cursed me for daring to suspect him of 'stooping so low.' These were his words. What could I do? I would have slain him on the spot, but had no weapon. I resolved no longer to remain in the Tower; but before I made known my purpose an order for my removal came to me, on the charge of having insulted an officer. So, not only was my daughter ruined, but I was disgraced and sent away, mocked and laughed at by these Queen's myrmidons."

"And your child?"

"To this hour I know not where she is! And this grieves me to the soul, which burns with the fires of revenge against the Tower and all therein. I trust one day to find my child—but I fear that when I do, I shall find but a wrecked and miserable thing. Ah, ought not my heart to blaze?"

"How long ago was your dismissal?"

"Two months. I have at length resolved what revenge I will take; and your assistance I count on; and that of others, too, if I can find those whom I can trust."

"What is your purpose, John? I will aid thee."

"Listen! I—" (and he looked cautiously about him) "I have a plan to enter the Tower and rob it of the Crown Jewels!"

"By the cross of auld Holyrood, mon, but this is a plot!"

"And one that can be carried out, and enrich every man engaging in it. But I must have money to get things made—keys, a boat, and dresses and masks—full a hundred pounds. Now I've not three pounds in the world; I've spent all in trying to find out my poor child. But if I ever find her she shall, maid or wife, be the richest woman in the three kingdoms. The Tower owes her a dower for robbing her of the greater treasure of her virtue."

"It's a magneefican' scheme, John Hinchcliff. But it's a puir deil ye've come acrass in me to gie ye a lift."

"If I could find some fast gentleman nearly hard ashore, who could yet raise a hundred pounds, and go in with us, so that we could get all we need to carry out our plan, in a week's time afterwards, I would have every jewel in the Tower casket; and more—meet out my full vengeance!"

"What is that?"

"No matter now, Steenie. Some secrets are my own, and locked fast here!" As he spoke he struck his breast impressively, and his eyes flashed with mysterious light in their depths. "Ho! what? Who is here?" he cried, amazed, as the closet door suddenly opened, and the young nobleman presented himself; and springing to his feet, he leveled a heavy pistol at the breast of Lord Nagle, saying, "If you have been a listener, you are a dead man!" Steenie on the other side stood ready to knock him down with the stool on which he had been seated.

The young nobleman stood firm and unmoved, and, without betraying the least fear, said, calmly,

"I have heard every word! But I will not only keep your secret, but I will join you hand and heart in robbing the Tower; and the one hundred pounds you need I will advance you on the night you are ready for the adventure."

"Who are you?" demanded Hinchcliff, lowering the pistol.

"The fast gentleman ashore you were just inquiring for," answered Lord Neagle, with a sort of reckless humor.

Hinchcliff glanced at his seaman's shirt, and the jacket which hung upon his arm, and then to the white hands and whiter neck, and muttered—

"Yes—in disguise, too; a gentleman in difficulties!"

"Yes, I need money. I am with you."

"How can I know you are not a spy, or will prove a traitor, with my secret on your tongue?"

"Listen!" He here whispered to Hinchcliff.

"Is this so? Then I may trust you, for you are in my power, and I am in yours."

The nobleman nodded.

"Business," as the Turnkey called it, was then resumed, and after an hour's close conversation, a plan of operations was fixed upon. Lord Neagle pledged himself to furnish one hundred pounds the next day, and the Turnkey was to have the Tower keys duplicated, he having taken the impressions of the locks and wards before he was discharged, with the very purpose now before him.

It was late at night when the conclave broke op, the three men perfectly understanding each uther, and each the part he had to perform.

We have already anticipated the subsequent events of the week that followed; seen how Lord Neagle, on the night selected for the enterprise, revisited, under some desperate impulse of hope and passion, Lady Isabel Conybeare, and have witnessed both the interview and its termination, by the providential entrance of Sir Villiers Courtney. We have seen him at his second meeting with Hinchcliff to examine the forged keys, in the vault of the old churchyard, and his departure thence to Salathiel the Jew's abode. Three hours afterwards we saw him appear accompanied by Hinchcliff, at the Sack Inn, and embark with the mysterious Captain Foy on the Thames, in a six-oared barge, containing the chest. We have seen how, in shooting through one of the arches of London Bridge, they rescued the Earl of Conybeare from a watery and suicidal grave. But we have not told how he obtained the hundred pounds to advance to the Turnkey, in the hope of getting thousands in return, nor why he visited the Jew's after leaving the cul-de-sac, nor who was Captain Foy and his boat's crew. We reserve all these for the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ALTERED TIMES—written on seeing ladies' bonnets hung with blue shades:—

Oh! age of reverses and times of disorder!
On which forlorn poets in vain would write sonnets!
Once "all the blue bonnets were over the border;"
Now, all the blue borders are over the bonnets.

THE GAMBLERS.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"The wages of sin is *death*."

They were friends; they seemed much attached to each other. Gerard was the favorite of the whole town in which he lived. He was so handsome, so winning, and so agreeable in his ways. People really loved him. Even old men became much interested in his fair, innocent-looking face,—what wonder, then, that he was the idol of the ladies? Spencer was to Gerard as unlike as could well be, yet he too was beloved by his friends. He had a merry, laughing countenance, and was generally full of fun. The two made a pleasing pair. Who would have thought what they were hastening forward to! But they got into bad company; they were bad company for each other—tempting each other to evil, instead of aiding and encouraging each other to good deeds. By-and-bye the face of Gerard grew cloudy and anxious. He seemed far from happy. His friends felt sorry to see him in trouble, and when he confided to one and another the cause of his uneasiness they readily lent him the means to remove it. But now a rapid change came over him. One evening he called for his friend to go out to walk, and from that hour poor Spencer was never again seen in life. Soon after his murdered and mangled body was found in a lonesome place, and as it became known that Gerard had owed him a large sum of money for a gambling debt, suspicions fastened upon the wretched young man, and he was committed to prison. He made the most solemn protestations of his innocence, and ignorance of the cause of his friend's death, and the most passionate appeals to his former associates and to the officers who arrested him. The idea of a lonely confinement in prison had ten thousand terrors for him. He wept, and prayed them not to fasten him there alone; and when he was thrust into his cell, his shrieks of distress and fear were piteous. The trial went against him, and he was condemned to die. It appeared that the young men had both been confirmed gamblers, and that Gerard, at least, had been guilty of many other wrong things. From step to step he had gone on, till now he was condemned as a murderer.

All this because he did not take heed to his way according to the law of God.

Whether he is really guilty of the murder of his companion we cannot absolutely know. God knoweth; but he will suffer for it as if he were guilty. Had he never gone astray, and become entangled in gambling debts, he would not at all have been suspected of the crime now laid to his charge. But now his course is ended, and in his youth he must die a fearful death. His poor frame is weak and shattered by misery—he is worn and pale from his anguish of heart. Whether guilty of murder or not, he is an object of intense pity. Those who go to see him come away with heavy hearts. So young—so beautiful—so beloved! yet so wicked—so wretched—so lost! Oh, it is dreadful! Will not the young take warning? Will they not learn from the fate of this poor worm—crushed by the strong arm of the Law, which he has armed for himself with a whip of scorpions—to beware of evil company and evil conduct? Poor, wicked Gerard!

His glossy hair will shine no more
In the fair light of day;
Oh! never more o'er his fair brow
Will the free breezes play.

Damp with the dew of agony—
Such as no tongue can tell—
That glossy hair, uncared for now,
In the lone murderer's cell.

How wan and sunken is his cheek—
Yet once the rose was there;
And his dark eyes are dim and dull,
And clouded by despair.

Oh! the transgressor's way *is* hard—
Harder than words can tell.
God pardon thee for all thy sins;
Poor convict, fare thee well!

CONSEQUENCE OF VAIN LOVE OF DRESS.

A painful instance of the consequences which are apt to follow the indulgence of any foolish passion at the expense of the better feelings, has recently come to our knowledge. A widow lady of much worth and respectability, who, by misfortune, had been reduced to the necessity of living on a small annuity, succeeded in getting a situation for her only son, Robert, a lad of fifteen years of age, in a government office in this city. For a time his conduct was irreproachable. His income from the office was given faithfully to his mother, and it was a pleasure and a pride to him to gladden her heart by the thought that he was helping her. She had other children, but they were younger than he, and were two little girls, just rising one above another from the cradle to womanhood. Her scanty income and his salary made every one happy. But over this youth came a love of dress. He had not strength of mind to see how much more truly beautiful a pure mind is than a finely decorated exterior. He took pleasure in helping his mother and sisters, but did not take greater pleasure in thinking that to do this kindness to them, he must be contented, for a time, to dress a little worse than his fellow clerks; his clothes might appear a little worn, but they were like the spot on the dress of a soldier, arising from the discharge of duty: they were no marks of undue carelessness—necessity had wrought them. His mother, good, kind creature, well knew that "a stitch in time saves nine," so that his clothes, while they indicated necessity, marked also the path of honor, and without such spots duty must have been neglected. But this youth did not think of such great thoughts as these. He felt ashamed of his threadbare, but clean coat. The smart, new shining dress of other clerks mortified him. They had no mother to assist, nor sisters dependent on them, and probably some among them would have gladly come in a shabby coat, rather than lessen the necessaries of dear relatives at home. Robert —— truly loved his mother and sisters, and did not wish to lessen their income, but he wanted to appear finer. In an evil hour he ordered a suit of clothes from a fashionable tailor. His situation and connections procured him a short credit. But bills must be paid, and Robert —— was again and again importuned to pay his debt. To relieve himself of his creditor, he stole a letter containing a fifty dollar bank note. His tailor was paid, but the injured party knew the number of the note. It was traced to the tailor—by him to Robert, and the unhappy boy's prospects were at once and forever blighted, and his mother plunged into unspeakable grief and agony. Let the young men who read the LEDGER crush the first appearance of this vain love of dress, and remember that unflinching integrity in well-worn clothes can always afford to laugh at dishonesty, however splendidly attired.

THERE are many things that are thorns to our hearts until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows when we have.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

When I dwelt amid the Palm-trees,
And sipped their morning wine,
I did not tell a rosary,
Nor kneel at any shrine;
But neither did I look upon
(With thankless heart and bold)
The living emeralds of the woods,
And skies besprent with gold.

I had a feeling in my breast
That everything was good;
From casual sorrow's strokes my hopes
Rose ever unsubdued;
I leant against the Palm-trees,
And watched the parrots there,
And knew that birds and boughs were both
Beneath a Father's care!

But now I hurry through vast streets,
And pace the peopled town,
Where human life seems one huge scheme
Of traffic up and down;
No palm trees, loud with paroquets,
No golden sunshine there;
But Barter, Bargain, Avarice,
Dishonesty, Despair!

'Tis labor all!—The laborers
Toil on, for greed or gain;
Enough for self, but none to spare
For others' want or pain;
The rich look on the poor with dread,
The poor, in turn, on them
With doubt and covetous despite
They do not try to stem.

And do I miss the palm-trees,
Where I had nought to do
But look up to an azure sky,
And think all good and true?
'Twas youth which lent the coloring
Of peace and joy; for though
I saw them not, be sure that there—
As here—were want and woe!

"We have our tasks before us,
Wherever we may go;
And, if we loiter over them,
Time soon will let us know:—
'Tis well to labor thoughtfully,
And with an honest mind—
But woe to him who heaps up wealth
Not for his human-kind!"

MARTIN MABURY;

OR,

THE BOY'S OATH OF VENGEANCE.

A LIFE-LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"GET OUT!"

The man who said, "Get out," stood upon the upper step of a fine house in a thriving town, and a terrible frown was upon his brow. He was a merchant in a small way,—or, what is generally termed in the country—a "store-keeper." He was well-to-do in the world; of middle age; and quite proud.

The person who was thus peremptorily ordered by Peter Gooch to "get out" was a boy—a fair-haired, bright-eyed, intelligent-looking boy, of fourteen years. His lip trembled as he stood upon the graveled walk and gazed the man in the face, and a fiery glow suffused his handsome features. He held a small bundle in his hand, which he clutched with nervous force.

"GET OUT!" repeated Mr. Gooch.

"I am going, sir," the boy said, proudly; and then sinking his voice to a low, passionate tone, he added, "But let me tell you, sir, that I will yet live to be revenged upon you! As sure as we both live, and I have sense and reason left, I WILL HAVE VENGEANCE!"

"*Get out!*" thundered the man, making a demonstrative movement with his foot.

The boy spoke not another word, but turned quickly away, and was ere long beyond the bounds of the village. He walked on until he had reached a small valley, out of sight of any human habitation, and here he sat down upon a stone by the road side. Thus far he had borne up without a quiver, even; but his heart broke down now, and resting his brow upon his little bundle, he began to cry. He had not sat long thus when he realized that some one had taken a seat beside him. He looked up, and saw a white-haired old man—a man covered with the dust of travel, and whose wet brow and labored breathing told that he was worn and weary.

"Why do you weep thus, my child?" the old man asked, in a weak, tremulous tone.

The boy pondered a moment, and then answered—

"Because I have been abused, sir."

"Abused? And who has done this?"

"Peter Gooch did it, sir. He has abused me a long while."

"Peter Gooch? Who is he?"

"He keeps store in the village."

"What village?"

"The one just over the hill here—Dayville."

"And how has he abused you, my child?"

"In every way. He has beaten me; and cursed me; and called me names; and made me sleep in the barn; and made me go without my supper; and—and——"

"That's enough, my son. And now tell me why Peter Gooch has done this."

"He has done it because—because——"

"Speak plainly, and be not afraid that I shall do thee harm. Now tell me all."

The boy hesitated a while, and finally said—

"I never meant to do wrong—I always tried to do right,—but he wouldn't let me. Sometimes I would forget, and then he would abuse me. Then I would get angry and sulky, and he and his wife would both cuff me about. I couldn't be a dog, so they made me ugly."

"They succeeded in making you betray a wicked spirit," said the old man, meaningly.

"Would *you* tamely bow down to stripes you did not deserve?" the lad asked, quickly, and with a flushed cheek.

A cloud crossed the deeply-furrowed features of the aged man, and his lip quivered. He bowed his head a moment, and when he looked up there was a bright drop upon the long, gray lashes.

"My son," he said, with strong emotion, "I have been obliged to bow to many a stripe—stripes heavy and humiliating—through a long, dark life, simply because I could not, or would not, bow when I was young."

"But no one could bow to such stripes as have been put upon me," the boy returned, warmly. "I wouldn't submit. I *won't* submit. I have sworn," he continued, growing more ardent, "to have revenge upon that proud man; and revenge I'll have!"

"What sort of revenge do you contemplate?" the worn traveler asked, in a quiet tone.

"I don't know yet; but vengeance for all the wrong he has done me I will have, if I have to wait for years. My father died long ago—I can hardly remember him. My mother took care of me till I was ten. Then she died, and the town gave me to Peter Gooch. Gooch has called me a '*Drunkard's Brat!*'" The boy quivered as he spoke this, but added quickly,—"My father was a drunkard, sir; but I was not to blame. Oh! when Mr. Gooch called me that, and for nothing, too, I have felt that I could kill him!"

Martin Mabury, for such was the boy's name, had not exaggerated at all. He had suffered much—more than he could tell—from the hands of the imperious, hard-hearted, passionate master he had served. He had borne it meekly at first, but he could not bear it meekly long; and when his passions got the mastery of his judgment he laid himself open to new trials.

It was some time after Martin had ceased speaking ere the other replied; but finally he spoke, and tears again came to his eyes, and his voice was more tremulous than before:—

"Boy, you are going out friendless into the great world."

"Yes, sir," was the answer, slowly and thoughtfully.

"And you hope to carve out for yourself a fortune?"

"I should like to, sir."

"But, at least, you wish to find JOY and PEACE."

"Yes, sir,—I do." This was spoken quickly and earnestly.

"Then listen to me," the old man continued, with an expression of kindness which was not to be mistaken, "and I will tell you the simple story of a life which may profit you. I was once a boy like yourself, though now the frosts and snows of four-score winters are upon me. I was happy once—but, ah! that was long ago. The first cloud of my own calling-up that arose upon the bright day of my youth was the desire of REVENGE. I had been wronged more deeply than you have been; and I was older than you are, too; so I must have felt it full as keenly. I vowed to be revenged, and—I was revenged. But—oh, God! revenged upon myself! Upon myself, I say. The moment I cherished a settled enmity which looked to revenge for its consummation, that moment my peace of mind left me—that moment a demon entered my heart that robbed me of every joy. Once—I was in the church-yard—a still, small voice whispered, 'FORGIVE!' but I smothered it—I would not listen. Had I listened then what years of agony, and what weight of sorrows, might I have been spared. But no—I would have revenge—and I had it!"

The narrator stopped here and bowed his head. A shudder passed quickly over him, and, as if anxious to shut out the sad memory as soon as possible, he immediately resumed,—

"My boy, for over sixty long years not a day has passed that I have not wished—oh! have earnestly, prayerfully wished—that I had listened to that voice in the church-yard. I ruined one who had given me a home—I saw——

"But never mind. I can tell you no more now. You see an old man now going back to his native village to ask those who are left of the kindred of the man upon whom his vengeance fell to forgive him. Need I say more? If you hold a thought of vengeance, let it be banished at once."

Here the old man clasped his thin hands and raised them towards heaven, and with a sudden burst of energy he cried,—

"Oh! Great God, spare him from the power of the demon!"

Martin began to cry again, but it was only for a few moments; and when his eyes were dry he looked up and placed his hand within that of his companion.

"Thank you," he said.

"Need I say more?"

"No, no."

"And can you forgive Peter Gooch?"

"Yes—I have forgiven him."

"Good. And now whither go you?"

"To the city."

"Have you money?"

"A little." And as the boy spoke he took out an old leathern purse and showed three half-dollars and a few shillings in smaller coin.

"Is that all?"

"All I have in the world of money, sir."

"Let me lend you some. It is but little—here."

The old man handed forth a half-eagle. Martin hesitated at first, but he knew the value of money at such a time, and he finally took it.

"Where shall I find you to pay this back?" he asked.

"If you find me at all, it will be at Dayville."

"What—the place I am leaving?"

"Yes."

"And your name?"

"Adam Blake."

Martin had a faint recollection of having heard such a name, but he could not call it clearly to mind.

And they separated. One said—"Bless you, sir!" And the other said,—"God guard and keep you!"

And when Martin Mabury had walked a short distance he stopped and clasped his hands.

"Peter Gooch," he cried, "I have forgiven you, and yet I hope to be revenged!"

* * * * * * * * *

When Martin reached the city he had resolved to perform any honorable labor for which he could obtain pay. On the second day of his stop in the great town he called at a provision store. The owner liked his appearance, and having heard his story, hired him to carry baskets, and perform errands generally. A son of the dealer, who had been doing this work, went with Martin a week to familiarize him with the way over the city.

In a little while Martin Mabury was happy and contented, and every night, when he said the prayer his mother had taught him, did he bless that white-haired old man who had given to him a lesson of life which had already proved its value. In times past he had allowed every little affront to rankle in his bosom, and he knew they had made him miserable. But now he passed such things by with a stern resolve not to be offended or angry, and he was not long in discovering how much his peace and joy were enhanced.

Years sped on. From a faithful, diligent errand boy Martin arose to be a faithful assistant. At the age of eighteen he visited some distant relatives in the country. While there he was astonished at the cheapness of some kinds of produce as compared with the prices in the distant city. He returned and told his master. He said he could purchase enough of apples and potatoes to load a small vessel, and also put in all the butter and eggs he could find. From ten to twenty miles would take it to a river, where flat-boats would carry it to the vessel.

The plan was well studied, and Martin was finally sent off to do the work, with the understanding that he should have half the profits.

In due time our hero arrived with his cargo. He had potatoes, apples, butter, cheese, and eggs; and in less than eight-and-forty hours after the vessel was at the wharf every article was sold to city dealers, save such as Martin chose to keep for retail. The result was beyond his most sanguine hopes. He saw the rode of fortune open to him, and with energy and enterprise he entered upon it; and to his aid he brought an unconquerable resolution to do right, be kind to everybody, and mind his own business.

* * * * * * * * *

Eleven years passed away.

Upon a stone by the roadside sat an old man, white-haired and bent, faint and weary. He lowered his head upon his hands and wept.

"Old man, why do you weep," asked a sympathizing voice by his side; and at the same moment he felt a hand upon his arm.

He looked up and saw a young man, well-dressed and of genteel appearance standing by him.

"How! Is this Adam Blake?" the new-comer cried, with a start.

"Aye—poor old Adam!" the wayfarer returned, straining his weakened eyes to scan the features before him. "Poor old Adam!" he repeated, with tears starting down his cheeks, "going away to die unforgiven!"

"*Unforgiven!*" exclaimed the young man with strong emotion. "Say," he continued, seizing the old man's hand, "do you remember, eleven years ago, of finding a poor boy upon this very stone, crying?"

Adam Blake looked up vacantly at first, but gradually a light beamed upon his wrinkled features.

"Martin Mabury!" he uttered. "Is it Martin?"

"Yes, father, I am the once poor boy to whom you gave a new and happy life. But tell me—who will not forgive you?"

"*Peter Gooch!*"

"*Peter Gooch?*" repeated Martin, with the OLD thought of vengeance for an instant pricking his heart.

"Aye. Peter Gooch is the last of kin of him I wronged in vengeance. He will not forgive."

"I heard that Peter Gooch was suffering deeply," said Martin, quietly.

"Yes—and hence his curses upon me. He has lost nearly all his property, and he says I am the cause."

"But how can that be?"

"Because I broke down his father in business so many, many years ago."

Martin saw at once that the old man looked upon this matter with a deep, abiding sorrow. It had grown to be the chief aim of his declining years to die without an enemy, and in the childish simplicity of his extreme age he wept much over the stern, uncompromising refusal of Peter Gooch.

"Will you go back to the village with me?" the young man asked.

"For what?"

"Peter Gooch shall forgive you."

"A forced forgiveness."

"No—one drawn from his very heart. Will you go?"

"Yes."

And Martin Mabury led the tottering old man over the hill.

* * * * * * * * *

Peter Gooch sat in his parlor, stern and dark-browed. With him were his three daughters. His wife had been dead some years,

There were sounds of many feet in the house—heavy feet they were, some of them—and they tramped from room to room.

By-and-by the door of the parlor was opened, and a man entered, with a paper in his hand. Peter Gooch looked up, and the cloud upon his brow grew darker.

"Speak!" he whispered.

"All is sold, sir," the man said.

"*All?*" repeated the ruined man in quick surprise. "*All!*—and so soon? Not the house—not all the furniture?"

"All is sold, even to the stuff in the sink-room."

"And is my piano sold, sir?" asked a bright-eyed, beautiful girl, of some twenty summers, who sat by her father's knee.

"Yes, Miss Leda—everything!"

"And who has bought?"

"I don't know his name. He is from the city, and buys for cash."

"How much has it all brought?"

"Something over fifteen thousand dollars."

"Then my creditors will be all paid," the broken man said; but he said it spitefully.

In the evening, when Mr. Gooch and his family were alone, the single servant who had been for the time retained, handed in a packet. It was sealed, and directed to Peter Gooch. With the old cloud still upon his brow he broke it open and first found a letter, which read as follows:—

"DAYVILLE, *Sept.* 20, 18—.

"MR. GOOCH:—When I was an orphan, and almost helpless, you gave me a home. If there were unpleasant scenes between us, I have forgotten and forgiven, as I hope you have ere this done. I came here to find you in trouble. This day I have purchased for cash your home. With this I send you the deed of your real estate, and the bill-of-sale of all else you owned yesterday. Accept them, for I give them gladly—freely. Accept them, and feel that you once more have a home.

"If you would see me, drop me a line, directed to the hotel Yours, truly—truly,

"MARTIN MABURY."

And still that old cloud was upon his brow. For one long hour Peter Gooch paced up and down the parlor, stern and cold. His children dared not speak to him. They saw the letter crushed in his hand, and they thought 'twas a new calamity which had come upon him.

At the end of an hour Peter Gooch stopped and sank into his easy chair. He smoothed out the crumpled letter, and read it again.

And still that old cloud was upon his brow, and the stern look upon his face.

But not long. No—not long.

Suddenly he sank forward, with his brow low down, and his hands pressed hard over the cloud. A moment—and a sob, deep and mighty, broke from his bosom. Then the fountain of his soul was opened, and big tears washed the stern look from his face—tears which had been locked up ever since his wife died. And in broken, struggling accents he said—

"*And I had never forgiven to this hour!*"

* * * * * * * * *

On the following day Martin received a note from Mr. Gooch. He opened it and read—

"MARTIN—

"Come. PETER GOOCH."

And Martin Mabury went back to his old home.

Had he a deeper design than the fulfillment of his oath of vengeance—not the OLD oath, but the NEW one?

No. But he had a HOPE—a long, and fondly-cherished HOPE.

Of the first hour of that meeting we will say nothing, save that one pair of bright eyes grew brighter as they gazed into Martin's face; and one little hand trembled when it rested in his; and then a moisture gathered in those eyes—but it did not dim them—when he whispered—

"Your piano is not sold, Leda."

At length Peter Gooch overcame the strange (aye, very strange they were to him) emotions which had unmanned him, and appeared himself. But not that old self. No, no—a new and better self.

"How could you do this, Martin?" he asked.

"Listen," said the young man: "When I left you I was angry, and took an oath that I would be revenged. I meant it—meant it then in all the passion of an angry soul. Beyond the hill I sat down upon a stone and cried. I cried because I was leaving some love behind me at first, and then I cried out of pure anger. An old man came by and stopped. He asked me why I wept. I told him all—even of my oath—all I cared to tell. I was in no mood then to tell of boyish love. He sat down by my side and told me his own story. It was one of pain, of suffering, of remorse, and of prayer. He was once young—was deeply wronged. He swore to have vengeance—and he had it. But it all fell back upon himself in agony. He was no longer happy—joy was no more his. He warned me—he prayed for me. He said if I would find peace and joy in my life never to admit the demon of revenge or anger into my soul. Then I forgave you; but still I swore to have revenge—not the OLD revenge—but a NEW one. And I have had it—the revenge of the happy, the peaceful man."

"And that old traveler?" whispered Peter Gooch, nervously.

"Was on his way to this place to obtain forgiveness of his last enemy ere he dropped into the grave."

"Oh! and I did not forgive him!" the bowed man groaned.

"But you will?"

"Will?—Is he here?"

"Not far off."

"Adam Blake?"

"Yes."

"Then send for him. Send for him at once. Let not another sun set upon an enemy unforgiven!"

Ere long Adam Blake, bent beneath the weight of a century, sank upon his knees before his only enemy. No—not an enemy now—an enemy no more forever to his brother man—and when the old man asked to be forgiven for the deep wrong done long years agone, Peter Gooch tremblingly answered—

"Aye—with my whole soul! And may God, and you, too, forgive me for my ill-will towards you!"

* * * * * * * * *

Martin's HOPE was not a delusion. The only heart in all that village which had beat kindly towards him in his boyish orphanage was all his now. He asked Leda if she would be his wife, and the moisture came again to those bright eyes when she answered "yes."

And then—and not till then—did he tell her of the ample fortune he had made—more than he could spend in frugal living in a life-time.

And finally—it was an hour before Martin took Leda to his bosom as a wife—he took Peter Gooch aside and asked him—

"Do you freely forgive me for the revenge I have taken upon you?"

And Peter Gooch, while he grasped both the young man's hands in his own—no cloud, no frown, now—said—

"To you—to all the world—I answer—*As I hope for happiness, and for the forgiveness of God,* I FORGIVE!"

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EDUCATION.

Children should mix with children; the society of grown persons alone cannot furnish a child with the numerous advantages of mutual or similar exertions, and the rapid interchange of ideas or offices is not perfectly comprehensible by the parties. But it is said that children mutually contend with, exasperate, or corrupt each other. We suspect the opinion to be erroneous respecting early dispositions and manners. We have observed them attentively, and do not recollect anything like a vicious child, in the period to which our observation has been confined. Little humors, caprices, or perversities, are observable, but, far from being injurious, they might be improved into means of information or advantage. It is by the obliquities of the mind, as by the disorders of the body, we arrive at the knowledge of its constitution. It is by the things eccentric, irregular, and wrong in manners, we distinguish the principles of morals. Children should be accustomed to the deviations of children, as introductory to an acquaintance with human manners, which would otherwise be unintelligible or pernicious. We have observed, that brothers educated in public schools have stronger and better affections for each other, than children who have undergone the customary discipline of education in private families. The one creates a general emulation, the other a malignant competition. The attachment of brothers in a large school is owing to sympathy; and is similar to the affection of travelers who have participated the distress and apprehensions of a perilous journey. In private families, everything being distributed by the power of the parents becomes a subject of competition. Food is not only the gratification of hunger, but the reward of attention, and the motive to knowledge. Company and solitude, light and darkness, heat and cold, all sources of pleasure and pain, and all desires occasioned by them, are blended into an emulation, which must alienate the children and generate the most malignant emotions of the heart. All parents, in our knowledge, give verbal lessons of brotherly and sisterly love; we know but few who cultivate this affection and direct it to all its uses.

THE PRIMAL MAN WAS NOT A SAVAGE.

They say that man was at first a savage (or, according to learned vestiges, an ape), who by dint of a toilette of some thousands of years before the mirror of philosophy, has "titivated" himself into civilization. This contradicts experience. The savages are not infantile, but senile races. They have not the power of imitating the models of their betters; but wherever the white man comes they die out. If the Creator had planted the earth with such, he would have been like a colonial secretary peopling a new continent with scum. Pretty babes these to have appeared so soon after the morning stars congratulatively sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy! The tradition of such a crew of darkness must have been a Botany Bay reeking through all myth and song; the arts and sciences must have smelt like dogs and monkeys from these kennels. Let alone Eden, we do not see where Egypt end Babylon could have come from, if skulking aborigines, and high-dried cannibals, eating their own heads off, had been our Adams.

NO MAN'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.

No man's enemy but his own happens generally to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. The leading quality that goes to make his character, is a reckless improvidence and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. No man's enemy but his own runs rapidly through his means; calls, in a friendly way, on his friends for bonds, bail, and securities; involves his nearest kin, leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public; after enjoying himself to the last dollar, entails a life of dependence on his progeny, and dies in the odor of that ill-understood reputation of harmless folly, which is more injurious to society than many positive crimes.

THE "INTERESTING EXPRESSION."

Perhaps the most simple, and at the same time the clearest manifestation of what is meant by the word interesting, is found in personal appearance; and observation leads us to think there is seldom such an appearance without the reality existing in the mind, or general character. Interesting people have almost always eyes which tell that they are so. Such eyes may be black, blue, or gray;—they may be of any form, though we fancy not quite *set* in any manner, but they always convey an idea of extraordinary capability, both in the way of receiving and of giving out; and whatever subject is conversed upon, they seem, when attentive, to be engaged in following that subject out to its remotest bearings, and then returning to beam forth and tell what they have discovered. Eyes of this kind can easily make acquaintances without the ceremony of introduction. Two perfect strangers, gifted with such eyes, and meeting in a room, look first intently at each other; they look again, and of course catch one another looking. They become engaged with other things, but a striking sentiment is uttered, or a strain of sweet music takes the place of conversation, and they look again, more intently than ever. Perhaps a bright witticism is uttered, and then they look to see if the other pair of eyes have caught the jest, and then they smile or laugh together. There is a deeper communion in this kind of intercourse than can be carried on in words. We cannot actually *say* to the most intimate friend—"Do you understand the full sense of that expression?" or "Did you catch the fun of that?" or, "Is your soul responding to the music played so sweetly?" We cannot actually *say*—"I am with the speaker, and have long thought as he does;" or, "I am feeling this to my inmost heart, and have often felt it before;" but eyes may say all this, and a thousand times more, and the eyes of interesting people do say such things continually.

There are, however, seldom such eyes without accompanying features of similar expression. The countenance may not have the slightest pretension to beauty. It may not even harmonize, one part of it with another. In some respects it may even be repulsive, and common observers may pronounce it ugly; and yet it may grow upon us, and brighten, and deepen in expression, until it becomes profoundly interesting, without our knowing how, or why.

It is precisely this charm which so many pretty faces, and some handsome ones, want. They respond to nothing, reveal nothing, and evidently feel nothing; and thus a combination of mere fine features, form, and complexion, though beautiful at first, grows flat like a picture, and affects our feelings no more than one that is finely painted—nay, not even half so much; for the very movements of a living face, if they do not speak in the language of a present and pervading soul, speak of its absence, and reveal the want and the vacancy of an uninteresting character. In this manner, the beauty of the human countenance, even when possessing the most exquisite combination of form and color, is capable of fading away from observation even after it has been most admired, resolving itself, as it were, into a mere surface, without depth and without interest.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

The sentiment of this genuine Franklinism is admirable, and the lesson it teaches may be applied to the vicissitudes of every condition of human life. It is an enunciation of a truism which finds an echo in the experience of every heart. "A stitch in time saves nine!" How many have had to acknowledge the value of this maxim, and in after years deplore the non-application of its moral! Indeed, a world of thought is suggested by this trite household expression, and every tatterdemalion that may be met with ought to be a walking lesson-book to the crowd in which he mingles. The rent in the sleeve and the slit at the knee are fearful exponents of character. They are evidence of sloth, and that indifferentism of mind which opens the door to every species of irregularity and vicious indulgence. The patched threadbare coat is respectable—it is the mourning worn by decayed circumstances; the ragged one is an emblem of idleness, a disreputable apology for nakedness, a pest and a nuisance. Besides, as our friend Carlyle would say, it is a terrible sham; for the poverty of the honest is studiously attempted to be concealed, and we never see a man with his shirt "out at elbows" but we entertain a desire to avoid his company. And in thus expressing ourselves, we are not holding up any popular prejudice to approval, but denouncing a mendicant fraud—a cheat upon public sympathy. Women upon whom the hand of indigence has heavily fallen, and who are not addicted to intemperate habits, never show a raggedness in their apparel—they know that "a stitch in time saves nine;" and, as it is notorious that when poor their privations are infinitely greater than those of men similarly circumstanced, their decent, industrious example, stands out in strong contrast with the vagabond appearance of the shredded-coated "gentlemen" we are censuring, and justifies the terms in which we have applied our disapprobation. But it is in the application of the saying to the transactions of real life, that it acquires value and importance. As with the first rent in a garment, so it is with the first error in a man. Take the mass of our criminal reports, and it will be found that the first vice caused all the others. Vanity makes a little hole in the heart, and, before it is darned, in steps temptation with its fearful shears, and makes a hideous rent that no skill can darn or patch back into respectability.

THE USES OF FASTING.

Fixed habits of diet are a prison to changeable man, and curtail his versatility in every sphere. His body ought to oscillate from the middle ordinary point to fasting on the one hand, and to conviviality on the other, in order that all his faculties may be helped by steering the appetites in the direction where their power lies. Judicious fasting especially is to the structure of the mind what held breath and expiration is to its movements; the abstraction of food corresponds to the abstraction of thought; without it there are no times of ascetic intellectual separation, and without these an important part of man is unrepresented. Moreover, without times of fasting, the tongue is immersed and lost in its objects, whereas fasting places the whole of diet at a distance, sees it clearly and appreciates it sharply, and introduces the criticism of intellect into the gastrosophic sphere. Cooks, therefore, require these self-denials for their own business, as well as other Christians for theirs In short, we find that fasting answers to spiritual eating, conviviality to human eating, and ordinary meals, pleased and calm, to the regulated private senses and sensibilities,—which three spheres contribute to make up the visceral man.

BENEFICENCE is the most exquisite luxury; and the good man, after all, is the genuine epicure.

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BEAR AND FORBEAR.

This should be the ruling motto in these disastrous times. With industry, trade, credit, and confidence prostrated—no matter by what cause—we should all be willing to bear and forbear with one another. It is idle to condemn this or that class, as the authors of the troubles brooding all around us, for by whomever or whatever originated, the crisis has fallen upon the whole country, and all classes must suffer in some degree. It may be a warning and a rebuke, but it comes attended with so sad a train of consequences, as should enlist all our better sympathies toward whatever can lighten the blow. If the recklessness of speculation and extravagance has invoked the crash and ruin, it has suffered the penalty of bearing the brunt on its own head. But yesterday it was lord of what appeared to be unexampled prosperity—to-day it reels and staggers forth in all the avenues of business, bankrupt and despairing. Of a truth, "riches take to themselves wings and flee away," and yet, how few of all who feel with keenest force this great truth, will hasten to lay up more of their treasure "where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt," and where no thieves break through and steal.

Yes, there should be bearing and forbearing: the strong for and toward the weak, and the rich for and toward the poor. In our day, society is not closer linked by the holy ties of brotherhood, than by the more tangible cords of mutual business credit and dependance. In some direction, and to some extent, every man, almost, is a debtor or a creditor, and in ordinary times this fact promotes general intercourse and harmony—since men must feel that in the non-abuse of these relations lies the greatest common advantage. It is one of the glories of our civilization, that we have learned to bear more and more in the spirit of concession and accommodation, rather than fly to that common resort of ruder conditions of society—litigation. The jail and prison, and the constable and sheriff, are not appealed to as of old to compel men to meet their obligations, and we are quite satisfied that society is not the loser thereby. The less men depend upon external laws, and the more they cultivate and trust to their common brotherhoood and manhood, the better will they succeed.

But, in such times as these, ordinary customs and courtesies should be stretched a point, and all men should be more lenient than ever. It is not unnatural in a general tempest and wreck, for that lowest instinct which says, "every man for himself, and the d—l take the hindmost," to assert itself; and it is very seldom, in such a case, that some cowardly, mercenary souls, do not illustrate it. But they cannot do this with impunity. There is a brand "hissing hot" ready for their brows, and ever after, if they have any sense of shame, they feel it burning to the quick. These times exhibit a great and almost general wreck of trade and industry—industry which thrives through trade, and trade which cannot live apart from industry. Some, true to the lower instinct, will clutch up their coffers, and hasten to hide them—aye, clutch them even though they trample down forever some of those involved in the common struggle. But the great majority, we trust, will exhibit the heroism of their humanity, and, acting upon the highest instinct, refuse to save themselves by sacrificing others.

It is, however, toward the poor, and particularly that class of poor who have been thrust by the crisis from the customary labor which gave them a sure, though perhaps scanty livelihood, that we would plead forbearance. Thousands of them, however bitter the trial, must become for a season—if not already so—subjects of charity. Strong men, willing to toil for their own and their families' bread, will, in the long, dreary winter before us, need pittance to keep off starvation. If they grow not importunate in this great mart, it will be because those who have of the good things of life give with a kind, ungrudging hand. To give, and that, too, for weeks and months, they must prepare, or worse may come. But it will, we are sure, need no severe warning to arm the public in its own defence. All must live, and those who have not the means of livelihood must be taken care of—not as wilful idlers, nor to encourage idleness, but as involuntary sufferers, and victims of the times. The days are close upon us that is to try our humanity, our wisdom, and our virtue. Let us meet them courageously and faithfully, as becomes men and Christians. Let us "bear and forbear."

Save a Little.—When we see young men spending all they make, as fast as they make it, and when we consider the importance of a little cash capital to their future prosperity, we are amazed that their own common sense does not urge with sufficient importunity the duty of trying to save, if it be ever so little, from their present earnings towards a future capital.

THE CAUSE OF "THE PANIC."

There is but one opinion in this country and in Europe regarding the cause of the present sufferings of the poorer classes. "The panic" in the money market is the cause of all: *it* has closed our workshops, stopped our factories, blocked up the avenues of trade and commerce, and turned hundreds of thousands of our operatives out of employment, to live on alms, or, it may be, to wring by violence a scanty portion of food out of the hands of the richer and more frugal members of the community. And who is responsible for this "panic?" Not, certainly, the few ladies who have taken, of late, a fancy to hoops, crinoline and ribbons. We will venture to affirm that the ladies may expand in circumference indefinitely, without causing a perceptible contraction in the money market, or any considerable collapse in credit. Those who attribute this great disaster to the tariff and the importation of foreign goods might be believed if they were not politicians, who are notorious for their attempts to turn every event, prosperous or adverse, to the advantage of their party, and especially of themselves. The prime movers in this "panic" are gamblers. Nine-tenths of all the hardships and sufferings to be endured by all classes during this winter, has been caused by the men who gamble in stocks and railroad shares. The people have tolerated gambling; now they reap the fruits of their toleration. For some years past, a despicable party of rash, unprincipled speculators have ruled our money market; they have obtained control of large amounts of capital; one part of it they have mis-appropriated to their own aggrandizement, another part has been lavished on their dependants, and the remainder has been buried in worthless railroads, mining companies, banks, and other dismal swamps, that yield returns only so long as their managers are able to borrow money. These gamblers have had their day; now their opponents in this game of robbing the public have "beared" the market, and reduced to poverty thousands of the honest men who trusted them, or followed blindly in their track. Gambling in Wall street has encouraged speculation, until speculation became an epidemic madness, and stimulated the credit system until it destroyed all confidence. Not long ago, the newspapers in this city and throughout the country were denouncing the gambling openly practiced in this city. Now is the time to renew the war against these deadly enemies of all honest industry—the speculating stock-jobbers. Can our laws against gambling, defamation of character, conspiracy to defraud, and similar crimes, not be enforced in Wall street? Or cannot laws be enacted for the punishment of the gamblers who live by perpetrating such crimes? How long shall a too patient community tolerate this gigantic evil, and permit gamblers to rob the honest, and traffic in the lives of the poor?

THE PROSPECTS OF THE POOR.

Within the past two months not fewer than twenty thousand operatives have been thrown out of employment in New York city alone. If we add to this sum the children, the old, the infirm, and the sick, who are dependant on the wages of these operatives for support, we shall find that about seventy thousand persons are in danger of becoming a burden and a tax upon the city during the ensuing winter. The petty savings of our poorer classes will soon be completely exhausted, and if trade do not revive, seventy thousand persons will be compelled to rely on the charity of the fortunate and wealthy for their daily bread. Few—we hope, for the honor of New York, not one—will perish for the want of food or clothing.

The poorer classes of this city, however, are placed in no worse position, and have not less favorable prospects than those of other centres of commerce and manufactures—East, North, South, and West. We fear that one-twentieth of the population of all the cities and manufacturing villages of the whole country will be reduced to the most abject poverty. But, thanks to a bountiful Providence, who has given us an abundant harvest, there will be enough for us all; neither will the hands of those who have received more than will suffice for their own wants, be backward in ministering to the necessities of the destitute and the sick. Those who have food or clothing to spare will be called to contribute liberally, and we know from their past history that they will respond promptly and nobly to the call. Even if the worst fears of the most desponding should be realized—if even one-tenth of the whole population of the United States should be thrown out of employment the coming winter, there will not be the slightest danger of a famine. Only those who are too modest or too proud to make known their true condition will suffer for want of any of the necessaries of life. No panic, no reverse of fortune can destroy our stores of corn, wheat, potatoes, rice, sugar, and cotton; and those who have not enough of these great staples, and who can show that they are really entitled to assistance, have only to ask, and they shall receive all that they need.

NEVER DESPAIR.

In these adverse times, it is no wonder that men fret, and chafe, and grow despondent, pale, and haggard, and finally break down in body as well as in business, and thenceforth hope only for the quiet of the grave. We say it is no wonder that they do all these things, and yet, *they should not do them*. Manly courage, and fortitude, and self-denial will triumph over the greatest ills. The storm will soon blow over, and the sun of prosperity again blaze in the heavens with cheering effulgence; and then, those who have held out with indomitable firmness will be prepared to reap the advantages of the new order of things. A stout heart will keep the body vigorous, and the health good, and chase away the blues; while despondency will wreck not only fortune but mind and body also. All that the luckiest of us get in this world is our keeping—our food, clothes and lodging at the best, and what matters a little hard fare for a few months?

JUDGE NOT.

There is a vicious readiness among mankind to pass condemning judgment upon accused or suspected persons. The disposition is to kick or strike down in advance of evidence, and even before inquiry. It is a most unchristian propensity, and one that we should all recoil from, were it applied to us. If such a spirit be conformable to savage states of society, it is not to the dictates of a truly civilized humanity; as, against all vague charges and suspicions respecting our fellows, we should alwaye firmly stand. We should do as we would be done by, and judge not hastily, lest the same thing come upon us. Society is not advanced by censoriousness so much as by charity. Let us be slow to condemn and quick to approve. Vice will ever be its own sure punishment, and crime will furnish evidence of itself in due time. Shakspeare says:—

"Guiltiness would speak, though tongues were out of use."

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

SERVANTS.

"An admirer" wishes to know if I have nothing to say "on the troubles ladies experience with their help," some of which the writer enumerates.

I confess that my sympathies are enlisted much more strongly on the side of servants than of their mistresses, who at any moment can show them the door at their capricious will, without a passport to any other place of shelter. Their lot is at best a hard one;—the best wages being a very inadequate equivalent for the great gulf which, in many cases, separates the servant from her employer as effectually, as if her woman's nature had no need of human love and human sympathy; as if she did not often bear her secret burden of sorrow with a heroism, which should cause a blush on the cheek of her who sits with folded hands in the parlor, all neglectful of woman's mission to her dependant sister. They who have listened vainly for kind words know how much they may lighten toil. They who have shut up in their aching hearts the grief which no friendly look or tone has ever unlocked, know how it will fester and rankle. They who have felt every ounce of their flesh taxed unrelentingly day by day to the utmost, with no approving "well done" to lighten slumber when the heavy yoke is nightly cast down, know what is servitude of *soul*, as well as body.

I could wish that mistresses oftener thought of this; oftener sat down in the gloomy, underground kitchen or basement, and inquired after the absent mother, or brother, or sister, in the old country; oftener placed in the toil-hardened hand the book or paper, or pamphlet, to shorten the tedious evening in the comfortless kitchen, while the merry laugh in which the servant has no share, resounds from the cheerful parlor above.

I do not forget that there are bad servants, as that there are unfeeling, inhuman mistresses who make them. I know that some are wasteful and improvident; and I know, from experience, that there are cases where the sympathy and kindness I speak of are repaid with ingratitude; but these are exceptional cases; and think how much hard usage from the world such an one must have received, ere all her sweet and womanly feelings could be thus blunted. I must think that a humane mistress makes a good servant. I know that some of the servants of the present day dress ridiculously above their station,—so does often the mistress; and why is a poor, unenlightened girl more reproachable, for spending the wages of a month on a flimsy, gaudy bonnet, or dress, than is her employer, for trailing a seventy-five or one hundred dollar robe through ferryboats and omnibuses, while her grocer and milliner dun in vain for their bills?

Let the reform in this and other respects begin in the parlor. Our mothers and grandmothers were not always changing servants. *They* did not disdain to lend a helping hand, when a press of work, or company, made the burden of servitude too heavy. A headache in the kitchen, to them, meant the same as a headache in the parlor, and, God be thanked, a heart-ache too. The soul of a servant was of as much account as that of her mistress; her creed was respected, and no elaborate dinner came between her and the church-door. How can you expect such unfaltering, unswerving devotion to your interests, when you so wholly ignore theirs?—and spur and goad them on like beasts of burden, and with as little thought for their human wants and needs? No wonder if you have poor service—eye-service. I would like to see you do better in their place. Lift up the cloud, and let the sun shine through into their underground homes, if it is not a mockery to use the word home. Don't think it an unpardonable sin, if they are ten minutes behind tea-kettle time; call your daughter off from the piano, and let her set it boiling—her husband will call you "blessed" for it one of these days. Let her run down and set the dinner table, and cook the dinner for them sometimes, of a washing or an ironing day. It will be a great help, and much better for Matilda-Sophia than to be crying salt-tears over the last novel. We exact too much—we give too little,—too little sympathy—too little kindness—too little encouragement. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" would settle it all. You don't do it—I don't do it, though I try to. Human laws may require only of the mistress that she pay her servant's wages punctually; God's law requires much more—let conscience be its interpreter;—then, and not till then, we shall have good servants.—How I hate that word "servants!" Fanny Fern.

LULLABY.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep,
  In your white and quiet bed,—
For the tender light of your eyes is lost,
  And the rose of your cheek is dead.

Comb and curl her long, bright hair—
  Her hands on her bosom lay;
A modest stone at her head and feet
  And silently come away.

No pansies! when the May shall come,
  Hearing the robin call,
Her feet will trip on the grassy mound,
  And half her flowers will fall.
Alice Cary.

MARRYING MONEY.

"Tom, whom did you say our friend B—— married?" "He married forty thousand dollars—I forget her other name," was the answer.

We find the above in an exchange paper. It is a capital "take off" on the desire that many people manifest to "take to themselves" *money* instead of a *wife*. There are young people, however, who are not governed by such low, sordid motives in the selection of a partner for life—young people who would scorn to barter their happiness in this mercenary manner—and who, rather than marry a person simply for wealth, would remain to the end of time in a state of "single blessedness." Marriage is a solemn, an important event; and they who trifle with it trifle with their own peace—their prosperity—in brief, their *all*, with the exception of that which pertains to the immortal part, and sometimes with that, too, for no one can reckon the amount of misery which a bad husband or a bad wife will produce in a family—it is incalculable. Guard against it, then, ye who value a quiet, peaceable, happy life, and place not your affections on gold—on "the root of evil." Money, we are aware, is desirable, and it is necessary to have a portion of it; but it is neither necessary nor desirable that we should esteem it as *everything*.

There is an editor up in Vermont who is so economical of stationery, that he writes all his editorials on a *slate*.

Probably he thinks they are not worth committing to paper. Men generally know the value of articles of their own manufacture better than "outsiders."

Dull.—Business of all kinds, except Slander.—*Springfield Gazette.*

Then, we suppose you are pretty busy.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Oh, Pythagoras! If the wicked must be punished in such strange fashion, send them, I pray thee, into catamounts and hyenas, and let them yell out their demons in wilds and thickets, where no human auricles can catch up the agony—but spare me and my Penates!

Tabby, in her proper person, was a very gentle and demure felinity. She would sit all day at my feet, tapping her long tail, and winking her meek eyes—a sleek and shining complacency—a delicious laziness! When the whole world was tossing and grimacing in some high noon of fussiness or calamity, Tabby sat still and purred in perfect peace. She was neither carnivorous nor gluttonous—omnivigant or gregarious. I liked her nonconformity; her imperturbation suited me; Tabby and I established a sympathy.

Bruno was our grand patriarch. His large, massive, yet well-formed and stately figure was in keeping with the old mansion. Every morning he paced up and down the garden-walk as if he were arranging the day's routine, and had deep thinking to do; and each night he sat immovably down by the garden-gate—a grim sentinel. The noon-hour and the soft twilight were his seasons for relaxation. Then he crouched—a shaggy and benign abstraction upon the hearth-rug, or floated off into sleep-land on Tabby's low purr and the click of my knitting-needles.

Bruno was wise and taciturn; very slow to anger, but magnificent in his wrath. No vulgar dog-oath of a bark ever betrayed him; but the live fire in his eyes—the subdued spring, and the strong grapple were fearful things to look upon. I and Tabby and Bruno were friends. We had our moods—tender, cynical, rollicking, and sombre. When we sharpened our wits with a little innocent sparring, Bruno always came off victorious. One of his self-suppressed, sage, saturnine sneers was sure to settle Tabby and me into silent abashment. Sometimes I read aloud from my favorite authors; Bruno's ears rose rampant, and every inch of his canine soul sprang into his gray eyes if it chanced to be Plato or Shakespeare; Tabby fell asleep. Tabby doted on Faust, Festus, and Alexander Smith, and winked great satisfaction whenever they were introduced; yet I think she looked upon Mephistophiles and Lucifer as very bad men; for, on two occasions, when I read of them, she was so moved from her propriety as to put up her back and hiss. Bruno smiled super-sapiently, and looked up the chimney.

Oh, dear Grimalkin! noble Bruno! An evil day came—evil shapes crept over the threshold;—my lares are dashed down—the old hearth-stone is desolate! Unhappy souls!—dark, tortured transmigrators—have entered into my companions, and are working out their salvation with sounds unutterable and strange gyrations. Tabby—the meek and shining Tabby—as if in league with some invisible cat-o'-nine-tails, spins round and round in a foaming frenzy—races up the smooth walls and windows, with "each particular hair on end," or yells upon the garden-wall like a fiend incarnate!

Bruno is not mad; but "melancholy is the nurse of madness," and his great mournful eyes seem to say—"Me miserable!"

> "Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

He is no longer Bruno—the grave self-possession—the fireside oracle—but Bruno possessed—driveling. His night-howlings are like the wailings of the doomed; and his aimless wanderings by day are but the fitful motions of a great unrest. I, too, am beginning to feel unsettled and despairing. Faust, Festus, Plato, Shakespeare, and the click of the knitting-needles, vanished with the dear familiars; Othello's occupation is gone, and I cast about only for some potent spell of exorcism. "Hear me for my cause," Oh, Pythagoras! "and be silent that you may hear!" Reverse the dreadful passes, and restore to me my dog and my cat!

Transmigration of souls may be a fine thing for souls, but it is "*cruelty to animals.*"

ASTROLOGY IN NEW YORK.

The astrologers are equal to the emergencies of the times, and vie with each other in persuading distressed mortals to accept of them consolation for the past, relief for the present, and whatever is wanted for the future. Although these good people are ready to do a little stroke of business in any line, Love and Wonder are the sentiments to which they especially appeal, as witness the following advertisement, clipped from a morning paper:

A WONDER.—THE TARTAR GIRL.—IF YOU WISH TO know all the secrets of your past and future life, the knowledge of which may save you years of sorrow and care, don't fail to consult the above-named palmist. Charge, 50 cents. The Tartar has also on hand a secret which will enable any lady or gentleman to win or obtain the affections of the opposite sex. Charge, extra.

This young girl, so far from her native land, seems thoroughly to understand the weaknesses of fortune-seekers in this country. But her offers are quite eclipsed by those of

AN ASTROLOGIST THAT BEATS THE WORLD—AND $5,000 reward is offered to any person who can surpass her in giving correct statements on past, present and future, particularly marriages, deaths, health, wealth, losses, pursuits, absent friends, &c. N. B.—Madam ——— is no humbug, nor does she wish to impose on the unwary. Call and satisfy yourselves.

That clause about being "no humbug," and "not wishing to impose on the unwary," is deliciously naive and refreshing. But even this conscientious soothsayer must stand back for a still more potent spirit, who thus announces herself:—

ALL EUROPE ASTOUNDED.—MADAME PHOFFARO, the most astonishing clairvoyant in the world, has just arrived from England. All diseases cured, if curable. The exact course of your past, present and future life marked out to you so correctly, that you will be compelled to acknowledge, with thousands in Europe, that she is the wonder of the world.

A friend, who fed his credulity to the extent of a dollar's worth of this "astonisher of Europe's" necromancy, says she has but one fault, and that is her fondness for stimulating beverages—a failing, by the way, that is common in her profession. We will now close this exhibition of astrologers with the presentation of the most wonderful of them all, that has been purposely reserved for the finale:—

ASTONISHING TO ALL.—MADAME ———, THE MOST wonderful astrologist in the world, or that has ever been known, as I am the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter, who was also a great astrologist. I have a natural gift to tell past, present and future events of life. I have astonished thousands during my travels in Europe. I will tell how many times you are to be married, how soon, and show you the likeness of your future husband, and will guarantee you to be speedily married, and you will enjoy the truest happiness of matrimonial bliss and good luck in this life. I will also show you the likeness of absent friends and relations, and I will tell so true all the concerns of life, that you cannot help being astonished.

Persons in want of the aid and consolation which such humbug and nonsense afford, cannot do better than to patronize this seventh daughter of the seventh daughter of a woman who was herself a stupendous humbug; inasmuch as if one wants to be fooled, it is better to have it done by a proficient in the art.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Raillery has been compared to a light which dazzles but does not burn. This, however, depends on the skill with which it is managed. Many a man, without extracting its brilliance, may burn his fingers in playing with this dangerous pyrotechnic. He who gives pain, however little, must not complain should it be retorted with a disproportionate severity; for retaliation always adds interest in paying off old scores, and sometimes a very usurious one. "When do you expect to be again troubled with the tooth-ache?" said a gentleman to his friend, who had a set of false masticators. "When you have an affection of the heart or a brain fever."

Puritanism is the innocence of the vicious—external sanctimony, assumed as a cover for internal laxity. Whenever we smell musk or other pungent perfumes, we may fairly suspect that the wearer must have some strong effluvium to conquer; and where we observe a Pharisaical display of prudery and piety, we shall seldom err in pronouncing that it is the disguise of some wolf in sheep's clothing. A nice man, according to Swift, is a man of dirty ideas; and a pretender to superior purity will often be found much dirtier than his neighbors.

The unfairness, the bitterness, the rancor of reviewers have generated those other failings of superlative and fulsome panegyric. Generally in these mutual malpractices, acting and re-acting upon each other, the author has no share; having parted with his copyright, he has no interest in the conflict, and can find no more pleasure in being made the shuttlecock between the black and white battledore than a well-dressed gentleman would in being alternately jostled by a miller and a chimney sweep.

A man often bitterly denounces his opponents as unmitigated villains for holding exactly the opinions that he once expressed himself. His denunciation is, of course, as applicable to himself as to them. His present self brands his former self as everything base; and his former self, if it could open its mouth, could return the compliment. Then we should see a couple of precious villains, or two halves of the same villain, blackguarding each other.

When Dr. Paley was asked why he always kept his horse three miles off, he replied, "For exercise." "But you never ride." "That is the reason why I keep him at such a distance; for I get all the exercise of the walk." Still more ingenious was the logic of the school-boy, who, being asked if it was not absurd in Homer to describe Vulcan as being a whole day in falling from the clouds to the earth, replied, "But you forget that Vulcan was *lame*."

The Spanish proverb, which bids us beware of a reconciled friend, inculcates an ungenerous suspicion. The love of lovers is notoriously augmented by quarrels, and many are the instances where a momentary rupture between friends has only served to consolidate the subsequent attachment, as the broken bone, that is well set, usually becomes stronger than it was before.

It is true that a pun is a verbal equivocation, but, if the highest legitimate wit is only a play upon ideas, why may we not tolerate a play upon words, which are the signs of ideas? Such a recreation is at least dabbling in the elements of wit, whereas a starch and formal gravity is an evidence of nothing but dulness.

An acquaintance of ours, who had the misfortune to be whipped yesterday by a big Englishman, was calling loudly this morning for an immediate declaration of war against Great Britain. We cannot help thinking that such an effect would be a little disproportioned to such a cause.

The expression, "Oh, shame, where is thy blush?" is often used now-a-days by men to whom the blush of shame has been so long a stranger, that we are naturally surprised at their indicating the slightest desire in the world to renew the acquaintance.

"**You** are a Yankee," said a fellow, tauntingly to his neighbor. "Well, sir, I am no more responsible for having been born a Yankee than you are for having been born an ass."

It is occasionally true of a reviewer, that he overlooks the productions he professes to look over, and judges of books by their authors, not of authors by their books.

"**John**, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir, if she laid any, she mislaid them."

A young lady is charged with having said, that, if a cart-wheel has nine felloes, it's a pity if a pretty girl like her can't have one.

We have generally observed that a man is not apt to abuse his native State, unless he is a fugitive from her justice.

"**I go** for my man against the world," said one politician to another. "Unquestionably, sir, you go for him against the country."

We fear that it has been too much the habit of the agents, sent by our government to the Indian tribes, to treat before treating with them.

Love may slumber in a young maiden's heart, but not very soundly. It always dreams.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A farmer named Herbert, living in Franklin county in this state, heard a noise in his stable one night not long since, and on going out to see what was the matter, discovered that a man had harnessed his best span of horses to his best carriage, and was about to drive them off. As the thief drove cautiously out of the carriage-house, Mr. Herbert made a grab at him, but the rascal eluded the farmer, and springing from the carriage, made tracks to parts unknown.

Several months ago a Michigan farmer passed a toll-gate, paid his bill, and received a brass cent from the gate-keeper in change, which he refused to take and demanded a copper coin in its stead. The gate-keeper would not comply with this demand; high words followed, and soon the parties got into a desperate fight. Several law suits followed the fight, and the result was that the brass cent cost each party $57.

An alligator was recently killed near the Balize (mouth of the Mississippi) which was nearly eaten up by shrimps. It seems that when one of these monsters is wounded ever so slightly, the shrimps at once begin to make their home in his body, and the colony increases until the little pests actually devour the alligator alive.

The Mormons threaten to murder every United States officer sent among them, who does not subscribe to their abominations; and as for regular troops, they say they do not fear them at all, as they can turn out three rifles to Uncle Sam's one.

It is said that Louis Napoleon is actually in danger of speedy death from an incurable disease of the spine. This report elates the red republicans of France, who believe that the back bone of Louis Napoleon and the back bone of despotism are one and the same.

The Paris papers say that the lady leaders of the fashions in that city are beginning to dress the hair and wear powder in it, after the style which was so popular in the eighteenth century. We hope the horrid practice will not be countenanced by the ladies of this country.

Mrs. Mary St. John, aged ninety-three years, who lived in Norwalk, Conn., a few days since set her clothes on fire with a pipe she was accustomed to smoke, and before assistance could reach her, she was burned so severely that she soon died.

A huge black bear entered a shed belonging to Hon. J. S. Monroe, of Abbott, Maine, a few nights ago, and carried off a sheep and devoured it. That was the sixteenth sheep he has this fall lost by the bears, which are becoming alarmingly bold and ferocious in the "Old Pine State."

A short time since, a couple of negroes became vexed at each other while in church at Warwick, Va., and one struck the other upon the head with his cane, and instantly killed him, to the consternation and horror of the congregation.

The body of an unknown man, about twenty years of age, was found a few days ago in a tool box belonging to the Stonington Railroad, near the Kingston depot. He was dressed well, and had evidently been murdered.

The crop of chestnuts, and of other nuts, this season, is unusually large. Every little helps in such hard times as these. The people of some countries nearly live on boiled chestnuts.

A man named Halloway, residing in the town of Wilkes, North Carolina, recently married his own step-mother, who was the second wife and widow of his father.

A cook in the family of a citizen of Augusta, Georgia, in cleaning a fowl a few days since, found a cone-shaped piece of gold, valued at five dollars, in its gizzard.

Gold is beginning to flow back from Europe to this country. One steamer recently brought a million of dollars from England.

Not long since, in Worcester, England, a man publicly sold his life for one shilling and a quart of ale.

Corn is only twenty-three cents a bushel in Indiana and Illinois.

CONQUERORS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Under their heads they have laid their swords."
Ezekiel, xxxiii.d, 27th.

Under their heads they have laid their swords,
Who turn'd the nations pale
With threat and boast
Of a banner'd host,
And their mass of moving mail;

Their stern command nerv'd the warrior band,
The soldier struck his tent,
And with smother'd sigh
From his home to die,
The youthful conscript went;

They stirr'd the sleep of the desert deep
With trumpet and battle-cry,
Scattering men's bones
'Mid the sands and stones,
To bleach 'neath a stormy sky;

The wave of their hand was the law of the land,
Where their conquering legions swept,
Like the voice of a god
Was their tyrant nod,
Yet they slumber in dust, unwept.

Under their swords they have laid their heads,
They shall trouble the earth no more;
They molder away
Like the coarsest clay
Of the serf that their livery wore;

No vine they bade with its clustering shade
O'er the quiet hillocks spread,
But they ravag'd the plain
With its ripening grain
Which the poor man's children fed;

They led the fire over tower and spire,
And village in rural pride;
They drench'd the soil
With the blood of toil,
Till it shrank from the murderous tide;

They are gone—they are fled—like a dream have they sped—
They have acted their gorgeous part—
They have left a name
On the tomb of fame,
And a curse in the living heart.

Hartford, Oct. 25th, 1857.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUDDEN MOVEMENT.

"Come—we are all ready," cried Guy, impatiently.

"Aye—and waiting," added his father.

"Hark!" whispered the clergyman, with a sudden start.

"Hark when you get time, but *marry me now!*" exclaimed the young man angrily.

"Ha!" uttered one of the witnesses, "d'ye hear that? We are surrounded by the enemy!"

At this moment the loud yells of the Indians—"*Onah! Onah! Onah!*"—broke upon the air, and the answering cry of—"*To arms! To arms!*"—came from the English.

"One word! Only one word! Marry us!" gasped Guy, clutching Isabel's hand with a grip that caused her to cry out with pain.

Old Phillis heard the low cry of her mistress, and, mistaking its cause, she at once hit upon an expedient of putting a stop to any further proceedings.

"It will take but a moment'" urged Nathan Bradbrook, turning to the trembling clergyman.

"Oho! Booh! Yah! yah! De enemy am a-comin'!" yelled Phillis, throwing her great hands over her head, and exhibiting the utmost terror.

"Coming!" repeated the holy man, quaking with terror. "Which way?"

"Right here! Oh! Golly-cum-queekee! Get out!" shouted Phillis, dancing wildly about.

The sound of many feet rushing by the tent was heard, and the air was filled with loud cries of terror and alarm. Shuldham waited no longer, but with one bound he cleared the company, and with a speed which his frame gave not promise of, he left the tent.

"By my soul, it's something serious!" said Nathan Bradbrook.

"Aye," returned Guy, with an oath. "It's serious all around. But," he added, turning to his fair companion, "you miss it this time, and will be a *Miss* a few hours longer. But we'll have this knot tied very soon, now rest assured."

With this, both father and son hastened from the tent. When they reached Johnson's head-quarters they learned that two messengers had just come in with the information that Arnold was close upon the camp with a mighty army, and that they—the British, and Tories, and Indians—would all be swept away if they did not flee.*

The Indians were the first to take the alarm. They had just been engaged in a religious pow-wow, and the medicine-men said that the Great Spirit was offended. Furthermore, the savages had somehow gained the idea that the British were deceiving them, and only wished to destroy them. They had been assured that the Rebels would not stand for a moment before them, and that they would have little to do save to see the British whip the Rebel renegades. But they had found it very different from all this. Since the bloody day of Oriskany they had been jealous, and now they turned completely against their white allies.

The alarm had become so general that the Tories fled like so many frightened sheep, leaving bag and baggage behind them. St. Ledger withstood the panic for a while, but he had to yield ere long. He was conversing with Johnson, when some Indians who stood near, and who had heard the high words that passed between the two commanders, shouted, at the top of their voices—"*They are coming! They are coming! Enemy coming!*"

Both the officers plunged into the morass before them, and fled at the top of their speed. This was a signal for those of the army who had remained till now, and in a few minutes the stampede was so complete, that only one man was left in the camp! He was a poor bombardier, who had been on service all night, and had fallen asleep in the bomb-battery. When he awoke he found himself the sole occupant of the camp. The baggage, the tents, the artillery, and all the camp equipage, were about him, but not a living soul save himself! He turned his gaze upon the fort, and all was as usual there. Next he looked to the west; and there he saw the tracks of his companions in the mud and morass; and he was not long in putting a *finis* upon the flight.

In wild disorder the boasting enemy fled towards Oneida Lake, and there they found trouble enough. The Indians had stolen many of their boats, and those that were left were, many of them, injured. Ever and anon the savages would raise the cry—"*Yankees coming! Yankees coming!*" and then enjoy themselves hugely in seeing the panic into which their white allies were thrown.

But the Indians were not content with this. They were angry and disappointed, and burning with a desire for revenge on somebody. They had been promised any quantity of plunder, but as yet they had found none. So they spread themselves through the wood upon the borders of the lake, and butchered and robbed every Englishman and Tory they could find. St. Ledger afterwards wrote to Burgoyne that he suffered far more from his savage allies than he had ever anticipated from his acknowledged foes, even had he come to a pitched battle. However, he got off after a while, and his motley crew, such as lived, went with him.

We left Isabel in her tent, with old Phillis to look after her. As soon as the men were gone the poor girl started back to her full senses, and gazed about her. She realized that something had happened, but the intense and all-absorbing fear that had been upon her had shut out all circumstances save the one she had heard Nathan Bradbrook so earnestly urging to its consummation.

JOCKO SURPRISES HIS FEMALE FRIENDS.

"What is it?" she asked, as the loud din fell upon her ears.

"Der Patriots, hab come, I 'specs; but I don't know for sartin. I 'specs, howsumebber, dat de fort hab rush out."

"The fort?" cried Isabel.

"So I 'specs."

But they were not long left in doubt. Guy Bradbrook came rushing in, with terror depicted upon every feature. And well he might be terrified. For he knew that were he to fall into the hands of any of the Patriots who knew him, they would have a long, black score against him.

"Come!" he cried, moving about uneasily while he spoke. "You must prepare at once for flight!"

"What!" uttered old Phillis, unable to restrain the impulse that had seized her, "aren't ye a-gwine to stop an' take de fort?"

"Silence! you black hag! Hurry and get your mistress ready! Come—there's not a moment to lose!"

"You need not be burdened with me," ventured Isabel.

"Oh, no—I suppose not!" retorted Guy, impetuously, and with irony. "Oh, no! You'd like amazing well to be left behind, and fall into the hands of Mr. Philip Lancey! Oh, yes,—I understand! But you won't be permitted; so stir yourself and get ready. I have horses for you—a horse for Phillis, too."

Isabel knew that there was nothing more to be said, so she prepared herself at once for the flight. She had but little to do, for she had but little to do with; and ere many moments she announced that she was ready. Two horses were led to the tent, and Isabel was assisted to her saddle, while Phillis was left to climb into her seat as best she could. She did it, however, and gathered up the reins in good style.

Nathan Bradbrook rode up just as Isabel had gained her place, and one of Johnson's men brought up a horse for Guy. The party were soon ready, and the old man gave the order to start. Their tent, and all their baggage, they were forced to leave behind, for they had a peculiar regard for their bodies, and a corresponding fear of armed Patriots.

There was no system in that flight. St. Ledger had not yet gone, though his countenance showed pretty plainly that he had a strong leaning that way. In the party with which we go there were the two Bradbrooks, Isabel and Phillis, and three men who lived on some of the old man's land, and who were now following his fortunes in the field. We may as well present them to the reader, for we may see more of them.

Samuel Dowder, usually called "Sam Dowd," was a middle-aged man—perhaps six-and-thirty, short and stout; with a dark, evil eye; a swarthy complexion; black, straight hair; and features very much like an Indian's. He was an ugly, dangerous fellow, and a man after Bradbrook's (either of them) own heart.

Bank Fuller was two or three years younger than the former; somewhat taller, and not so stout. His hair was of a flaxen hue; his complexion light; his eyes of a watery, uneasy, greenish blue; and his whole countenance expressive of deep roguery and deception.

Zebulon Beebe, yclept "Zeb" "for short," was over six feet tall; formed like a slab—being wide from side to side but awful thin the other way. His hair was of a fiery red, and gave to his head the appearance of a hard-used, illuminated brush-broom. He wore, ordinarily, an excessively simple look upon his features, and both Nathan and his son really supposed him to be as simple as he looked. He had been very serviceable to them, and they used him very freely. How much he used them they did not dream, as he had a peculiar way of doing as he pleased without letting them know it. They placed a great deal of confidence in Zeb. Dowder was too ugly to be trusted always, and Fuller too deceitful. But Zebulon was just the man. They used him, and they abused him, and they thought the poor soul was glad enough to serve them upon any terms they were pleased to dictate.

These three men had been tenants of Nathan Bradbrook for some years, and in consideration of certain payments remitted they had served their landlord in ways and manners not generally recognized as legal by law-abiding communities.

The road to the lake was very good, and our party reached the old fort on Wood Creek at four o'clock in the afternoon, and there Bradbrook concluded to wait for Johnson and his aids. But he made a sad mistake in this, for Johnson and St. Ledger reached the lake by a different route, and when, at six o'clock, Bradbrook started for the landing, he was doomed to find every boat gone.

"What can we do?" asked Dowder, after he had become convinced that there was not a boat to be had.

"We can move but one way," the old Tory replied. "Mark Waldridge lives not many miles from here, on the shore of the lake. He is a firm friend to the king, and if we can reach his place we shall find safety and shelter."

Without further consideration the old man gave the order for turning to the north, and ere many moments the party were on their way along the sandy path of the lake-shore. But it was not all sand. The late rains had softened the mud, where the soil was clayey and loamy, and the horses had some hard work in wallowing through it. And then there were strips of wood to be passed through, and places where the underbrush and tall, rank weeds had grown up thick and tangled. However, the task was not so bad as it might have been, seeing that the track was easily distinguished.

They had reached a dense thicket of oak trees, and were half way through it, when Dowder, who was in the rear, suddenly stopped his horse, and bade Fuller, who rode next to him, to stop also.

"What is it?" demanded Nathan Bradbrook, who had heard the order for Fuller to stop.

"There's somebody, or something doggin' on us," replied Dowder.

"Dogging us?" repeated the old man. "What d'ye mean?"

"I mean jest what I say, sir. I've hearn a noise for some time, an' I fancy it keeps jest about so clos't to us."

"But what kind of a noise is it?"

"Why—it's a strange sort of a noise," said Dowder, using an adverbial oath of terrific import to qualify the adjective, *strange*.

"But what is it like?"

"It's like what I don't want to hear. It's like a cussed Injun!"

"What's the use of stopping," interrupted Guy. "It's too dark to see anything, supposin' a dozen Indians were around us. But it's no such thing. Nobody would be following us in such a fashion. More likely it's an owl, or an——"

At this moment the loud, startling cry of an owl came breaking upon their ears from the further end of the wood.

"I told you so," resumed Guy.

"*Ker-hoot—hoo-hoo-hoo-wher-r-r-r—e-o-u-p!*"

"There it is again—a great horned owl."

The men laughed at Dowder—all save Zeb Beebe. He laughed not, but shook his head to himself, and rode on.

As the party emerged from this wood they came to an opening where a broad stream had at some time run, and left its bed bare and barren. Beyond this was another grove, and beyond that was the clearing of Mark Waldridge. The sun had been down over an hour, but the stars were all out, and the path was easily distinguished where the way was open.

"Ha! what's that?" cried Guy, pointing to a dark object which he saw gliding towards the wood before them.

"It's an owl, arn't it?" said Dowder, ironically.

"What is it?" queried the old man, stopping his horse, and gazing eagerly upon the object.

"It goes upon all fours," suggested Fuller

"Aye, but it didn't when I first saw it," returned Guy.

"*Bow-wow-wow-wow!*" came from the point in the wood where the dark object had just disappeared.

"Pooh—only Waldridge's dog!" said the old Tory, with a laugh. "Owls and dogs have a curious power over us."

Zebulon Beebe shook his head again and then rode on.

There was one in that party who was strangely affected by the hooting of the owl and the barking of the dog. Isabel Carlton had heard those sounds often. She had heard them ring through the deep forest as Jocko amused her with his vocal powers, and she had heard them breaking through the stillness of the night as the quaint rogue sought to startle the drowsy household in his mood for fun. She had seen the figure upright, as had Guy; and she saw it when it dropped upon its hands. The maiden knew that Philip Lancey had a faithful messenger upon her trail.

In half-an-hour more the party reached the farm-house of Mark Waldridge, and they were fortunate enough to find the host in. He was glad to see Bradbrook, for he was anxious to learn what had transpired in the valley.

Mark Waldridge was a Tory, but the loss of one leg prevented him from serving his king in arms. A wooden stump afforded him sufficient support for plodding about his farm; and he had tilled his land to good advantage, for he was well off in pecuniary matters. His family consisted of a wife, three sons, and two daughters. The boys were all older than the girls, the eldest being seventeen.

It was past nine when the party reached the farm-house, and before ten Isabel was shown to a small chamber which she and Phillis were to occupy.

"Missus," whispered the old negress, casting a furtive glance about the apartment, "dat war Jocko!"

"I know it," responded the maiden.

"Oh! mas'r Philip 'll come an' git us, won't he?"

Isabel started, and gazed vacantly into her companion's face; then, while a prayerful gleam lighted up her pale features, she murmured—

"If it be God's will—oh, let him come!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LOVER AND THE GUARDIAN.

Colonel Gansevoort sat in his private apartment, engaged with some of his officers in discussing the subject of their prospects with regard to the siege, when an orderly entered in great haste and informed him that there was a general movement among the enemy. The commandant hastened out, and at first he thought St. Ledger was preparing for an attack. The Indians were yelling, and the British were hurrying to and fro, some leading horses, while others bore their arms upon their shoulders.

But ere long the mystery deepened. The Indians formed into many parties, and disappeared in the road upon the edge of the river. Presently the men of Johnson's camp moved off in confusion, leaving their tents and baggage behind them; and soon the whole army followed. The flight was precipitous and without order, and ere the Patriots could imagine what had happened not a soul of the enemy was to be seen.

But the mystery was at length solved. A messenger arrived and announced the approach of Arnold with his patriot forces.

Philip Lancey had comprehended the truth from the first. He knew the character of Willett too well to suppose that he had been overcome by any ordinary circumstance, and he believed that a detachment from General Schuyler was at hand. With a small telescope he stationed himself upon one of the bastions, and he plainly saw Isabel as she rode away in company with the Bradbrooks and their men. He turned to Jocko, who stood by his side, and said—

"They are fleeing, as sure as the world. We have friends at hand. Can you see Isabel?"

"Yes, mas'r."

"Jocko, I would give much to know whither they take her."

"Mas'r Philip, jus' you say de word, an' you shall know for sartin."

"Good Jocko, I shall never repay thee a half of what I owe thee."

"Don't talk so, mas'r. Isn't you kind to me? and wasn't Missa Bella allers kind? Poor Jocko nebber know'd he hab a heart till he see you. Afore you bought me I nebber know'd dar war a good feelin' in dis poor old twistificated body. Nobody war ebber kind to me, an' I war allers ugly an' cross. My Lord o' marcy! aren't dis ole back ob mine cut up for my ugliness. But dey didn't know dat dar berry cure war de cause ob de disease. But ole Jocko 'll be true to you, mas'r Philip; an' he'd die dis minnit for Missa Bella. Hi-yak-yak! she said she'd pray for me! She did—she did, for sartin! What you t'ink ob dat, eh?"

"I think it is just like her," returned Philip, sensibly affected by the earnest gratitude of his followed.

"Yes—it am jus' like her," resumed Jocko; "an' now I mus' foller her. I'm off if you've got no more to say."

"That is all. Let me know as soon as you can where she is. Take good care of yourself, and may God watch over and bless you."

"Good mas'r!" Jocko caught the young man's hand as he spoke, and, having pressed it to his bosom in token of fidelity, he turned away, and ere long his back was upon the fort.

As soon as possible, Arnold sent nine hundred men forward to the fort, with instructions to Gansevoort that he should give pursuit to the flying enemy. Numerous detachments were sent out, and quite a number of prisoners were brought in, together with all the spoil left behind by the fugitives. Among it was the writing-desk of Colonel St. Ledger, containing all his private papers, despatches, letters, orders, and so on. This was of much value, as it gave a vast deal of important information.

As soon as the country round about the fort was thoroughly cleared of the enemy, Arnold marched back with his men, to rejoin the main army under General Gates, Schuyler haying been superceded during his absence. Gansevoort retired from the fort, and Colonel Willett was left in command of the garrison. Most of the settlers went forth to find them new homes—some to rear dwellings again upon the spots where the ashes of their old homes lay, and others to seek safer retreats. Much of their grain was yet growing in the fields, and straggling cattle were frequently found and brought home.

Philip Lancey concluded not to return as yet to his old place. Willett pressed him to remain at the fort, and he concluded to do so, or, at least, to make that his abiding-place.

Four days had passed away, and Jocko had not returned. Philip had become uneasy. But at ten o'clock on that night, the quaint negro came. He bore a large bundle in his hand, and he was worn and weary. There was blood upon his garments, and they were torn in many places. Before he spoke he motioned his master aside, and drew him away to a spot where no one could overhear.

"Fuss, mas'r, let me tell you 'bout Missa Bella. You know Mark Waldridge?"

"Yes—very well."

"De Bradbrooks go dar, an' Missa Bella wid 'um. Dey'll stay dar for some time, I'm shuah. I staid round de house all night, an' I oberheer'd de ole man say when dey go from dar dey go to Johnstown, whar dey'll raise more Tories for de English army."

"Did you speak with Isabel?"

"No, mas'r. I feared for her. Dar war folks all 'round, an' uf dey'd cotched me dar de fuss would 'a' come on her. No—I t'ought it better not."

"You were right, Jocko. But—did you—hear if——" The youth pressed his hand upon his heart, and finally got the question; "Did you hear anything of *marriage?*"

"Yes, mas'r——"

"Ha! Yes! Married!"

"No, no—wait a minnit. I heer'd 'um tellin' how de sudden flustication ob de camp perwented um from bein' married. It wor all sot out, but dey had to run away afore de work wor did."

Philip breathed more freely, but yet he was far from being easy. If his rival was bent upon being married at once, might he not find an opportunity at any time? There was no one authorized to marry very near to the residence of Waldridge, but how long would it take to secure one? Jocko guessed his fears, for he remarked, after having watched his master's face a few moments—

"I heer'd de ole man say he find a good minister at Johnstown, an' dat dey hab fine weddin' dar."

"Ah!—you did?"

"Yes."

"Then I am relieved. If she escapes that worst fate till then, she shall escape altogether. But what else, Jocko? What have you been doing since then?"

Jocko cast an eager glance around, and then placed his bundle upon the floor, and untied it. It was secured in an Indian blanket, upon which were great dabs of blood. It was bulky and heavy, and the negro had brought it a great distance. As he took out one article after another, he told his story. It was of adventure, of hardship, of conflict, of blood, of death. It was a strange story, and as the narrator proceeded, Philip became most intensely interested. He gazed into Jocko's face, and finally seized his arm, and pressed it so hard that the poor black fairly winced.

When all was told the things were gathered up, and the bundle secured again. Philip grasped his servant's hand, and, while his frame trembled with strange agitation, he thanked him over and over again.

When our hero re-entered the fort, he proceeded at once to the apartment where his father was. He was deeply moved by fear for Isabel's safety, for he could not rid his mind of the impression that Guy Bradbrook would not wait until his return to Johnstown to be married. The thought was a terrible one. True, Philip had no claim to the maiden's hand, save that heaven-born claim of holy love, but still hope was alive within him—a hope that told him that fair hand might yet be his. But if she were married now—if she were forced into the union projected during her childhood, before the time appointed for said union arrived, then all hope was forever crushed, and at the bare thought the youth felt his heart quake with agony.

Philip found his father up. He took a seat near him, and then said—

"Father, I have found out where Isabel is."

"Ah—have you? Where is she?" the old man eagerly returned.

"She is at the house of Mark Waldridge, with the two Bradbrooks and three of their men."

"She has not been harmed, has she?"

"I hope not, though she came nigh to it. All was prepared for her marriage with Guy, even to the presence of the minister, when the alarm came which broke up their camp."

"And so she was not married?"

"No," answered Philip, gazing uneasily into his father's face. "She was saved for the time. But you do not seem to feel as I had supposed you would feel."

Walter Lancey returned his son's gaze, and though he was quite calm, yet it was apparent that a struggle was going on within.

"I do feel deeply, Philip," he at length replied, "but I am not sure that we had better move further in this matter."

"How? Not move further?" the youth repeated, with a convulsive start. "Not move further? Leave Isabel to her fate?"

"Leave her where she must be left in a few—a very few—short months—aye, but a few weeks."

"Are you mad, father?" cried the son, impulsively. "Have you forgotten your decision of only a few days ago? Oh! you do not mean to give her up thus!"

"Listen to me a moment, my son——"

"Listen! O—why speak thus? Your very coolness tells me that you would try to call me from the rescue—that you would give her up to her persecutors without a movement in her behalf. O! if you love me—if you love Isabel—say not so!"

"Philip, my boy, it is because I love you both that I would have you follow my advice. Why would you follow a phantom, as though it were a thing of reality? You know that Isabel has a father's dying command upon her, and she cannot throw it off. We may argue as we will—we may talk of her misery, of her loathing of Guy Bradbrook—of her love for another; and we may close the list by imagining what would have been that father's will now, had he lived. But all this does not remove the simple fact. Were she to become your wife, she could never raise her thoughts to Heaven, but the memory of her disobedience would chill her heart, and fill her with shame."

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* Arnold, with a portion of his troops, arrived at Fort Dayton on the 20th, and there waited for reinforcements to join him; but hearing of the near approach of St. Ledger to Fort Schuyler, he resolved to stop it if possible. His forces were then too small to warrant a regular engagement with the besieging army, so he resorted to stratagem. Among the prisoners he had taken was a Tory, named Hon-Yost Schuyler—a half-witted fellow, who was known all over the country. Hon-Yost had been condemned to death, but Arnold offered him his life if he would perform the service he wished done. The condemned man was ready to do anything for his life. So he was instructed to make his way to St. Ledger's camp, in seeming terror, and report that Arnold was close upon them with three thousand men. He had five bullets shot through different parts of his clothing to give effect to his story, and then he set out. He was accompanied by a friendly Oneida Indian, who promised to support his statement. Hon-Yost arrived, as we have seen, and told his story with such effect that no doubt was held of its truth. Shortly afterwards the Oneida came in, and he, too, had seen Arnold's huge army—its numbers like the leaves upon the trees, and many big guns drawn by hundreds of horses. The stratagem succeeded even better than Arnold had dared to hope.

"Stop—stop!" cried the youth, impetuously. "You cannot mean what you say. How could her disobedience of a command which was given under an utter mistake lay heavy upon her? O—her father would be happy if, from his upper abode, he can witness the things of earth, he could see *her* made happy."

"Aye, my boy, but you are upon false ground. The world would have seen no martyrs, if good men had forsaken their vows and obligations the moment a life of sorrow was apparent before them. The true Christian, suffering persecution and agony rather than disobey the commands of his dying Saviour, finds more joy in his hope of Heaven, than he could find in renouncing his faith, and living a life of mere bodily comfort here on earth. And so it is, in a measure, with Isabel. If she obeys her father's dying injunctions, she will move peacefully through all the trials of earth, in the fond hope of meeting her father's smile of approbation in the world to come. She would not be true to herself, were she to violate the command that rests upon her. She could not be happy. If she realized that she was living in accordance with the wishes of her fondly remembered parent, she could pass lightly over all the ills of earth in her realization of truth and duty. But were she married to you, she might pass a few short hours of delirious joy, but only to live a lifetime of regret and sorrow. As I said before, she would not dare to lift her soul to the spirit of her deceased father, for she could not say, 'My father, O, bless me, for I have obeyed thee in all things!' Alas, no! Conscious guilt would be upon her, and all your love could not lift her soul from despondency. Weigh well my words, Philip, for God knows I speak only for your good. I would lay down my poor life, if it could be of service to you. Aye—if by my death your happiness could be secured, I would give my life up this very night, as cheerfully as bear thee my love!"

The old man wiped a tear from his eye; and, as his son was too deeply moved to speak at once, he added,—

"My boy, I cannot forget that solemn hour during which I sat by the dying bed of Robert Carlton. I held his hand in my own, and to me he expressed his last wishes. He said to me,—'You will be a father to my child; and you will train her up to be Guy's wife. I charge you—*let not her heart, by any wild freak, go astray from him!*' And I promised that I would not. I gave him my solemn pledge that all should be as he wished."

"And he wished that his child should remain with you until she was nineteen years of age," interposed Philip, quickly.

"Aye—and I have done all that lay in my power to have it so."

"Not all, father; for it may be so yet. Within the next four-and-twenty hours she can be placed within your charge!"

"And to our shame would it be!"

"No, no. You shall not say so!" cried the youth, warmly. "She is now suffering much, and she looks to us for assistance."

"Are you sure she is prepared to overstep the will of her parent?"

"No, my father. She is not, nor am I the man to ask her to do so."

"How, my son?" uttered the old man, in surprise. "Would you not make the girl your wife if you could?"

"Not until she has passed her nineteenth year. No. I will not lisp to her a word upon such a theme. But, O! the impression is strong upon me that Guy Bradbrook cannot live to see that day. He has long been a most bitter partizan, and no man has contrived to make more enemies among those who know him, than has he. Even Johnson and Butler have not more among their own acquaintances. It is that hope that gives me the heart to run this risk. Think of it, my father—think of it with all your love for the noble girl in play. If she is married to Guy Bradbrook now her fate is sealed, and misery must be her lot for life; but if we can snatch her from his power, she may be free when the appointed time comes. Oh! tell me to go and bring her to you!"

"But think how much you must suffer if you have to give her up at length. Your love will be fanned to a brighter blaze, and the separation will come with more agony upon your heart."

"Let that go now," the youth urged. "Any risk is light when compared with the lasting gain that may be ours. Tell me to bring her to you, and you have my promise that I will not seek to win her from following her father's will; and if, at the time set for her union with Guy, that individual claims her hand, I will say not one word against it."

"Will you promise this, my boy?"

"Aye—most solemnly."

The old man strode across the apartment several times, and when he finally stopped he was calm and composed.

"Philip, this is the second time you have overcome what, I fear, has been my better judgment. But if you must have it so, I will not see you miserable and feel that I am the cause. Go—go, my son—and bring Isabel to me if you can!"

CHAPTER XV

AN AMBUSCADE.

When Philip left his father he hastened at once to the quarters of Colonel Willett, whom he had the good fortune to find up. The commandant was at his desk, engaged in writing, but he stopped as his orderly announced the visitor, and moved his chair around.

"Ah—Mr. Lancey—up so late? What business now?" the colonel asked, as the young man approached his desk.

"A business which to me is of the utmost importance, sir."

"Aye—a lady, I'll wager a crown."

"You are right, sir. It is the lady who was so unceremoniously taken from us on the occasion of the advent of Master Moses Van Swart. You remember him?"

"Slightly. But where is the maiden now?"

"At the house of that one-legged Tory, Mark Waldridge. She is there in charge of the two Bradbrooks and three of their men."

"By the host, sir, if you will bring me Guy Bradbrook and his father, I'll give you as many men as you want!"

"Do you want them?" asked Philip, with some embarrassment.

"Want them?" repeated Willett, with sudden energy. "Next to John Butler and the two Johnsons I'd have those two Bradbrooks. They are not only villains of the darkest dye, but they are among the most dangerous of our foes. By some of the private letters found in St. Ledger's escritoire we learn that Nathan and Guy Bradbrook are pledged to furnish a certain number of Tory recruits to His Majesty's army. It is three hundred, I think. And we furthermore found that they had already made preparations for the work. Places of rendezvous had been selected, and the plans of operation laid."

"Did you learn where these places were?" asked Philip, with much eagerness.

"No," replied Willett. "We found a letter from Nathan Bradbrook to Colonel Barry St. Ledger, and in it the old Tory said—— But wait. I have the letter here."

Thus speaking the colonel opened his desk, and took therefrom a package which was carefully enveloped in a piece of oil-cloth. He opened it, and selected the letter he sought, and having unfolded the missive he resumed—

"Here it is. Bradbrook speaks first of the prospects of raising the recruits. He says,—'*We can raise the three hundred and fifty*'—ah—three hundred and fifty, it seems. I knew there was a three hundred to it,—'*the three hundred and fifty men without trouble, for we know where most of them are to be found.*' Then he adds, a little further down,—'*And we have found some places for meeting—places of rendezvous—which seem to have been made on purpose for us. They are capacious and ample, and where no Rebel would ever think of looking for human beings. We shall do much better than we had anticipated at first. Guy, my son, has already set the ball in motion. We have a few trusty men around among the people of the valley, sowing the seed of royalist principles; and they are men who can argue a wavering Rebel into a good Tory in a short time.*' And so he goes on, but this contains the pith of the whole matter. And furthermore, if I remember rightly concerning the contents of some letters which I brought from Sir John's camp, these same men have set a price upon your head. Am I not right?"

"Yes, sir," returned the youth, in a sort of absent manner; and then, instead of speaking further, he started across the floor. He paced to and fro several times, in a thoughtful mood, and finally stopped by the commandant's side.

"Colonel," he said, while a glow of enthusiasm overspread his handsome features,—"why not let these men run, and stand by to take their Tory companies when they have them organized?"

"Ah—but how shall we find them?"

"I will find them, every one!" said Philip, confidently.

"You? But how?"

"Never mind. I only pledge my word that you shall know where they meet in season to capture them. Let Nathan Bradbrook and his son go at large, and you shall have a guide to every hole where they have a band of Tories assembled!"

Willett gazed into the young man's face, and at first he wore a look of incredulity; but when he saw how confident the pioneer was, and how earnest in his meaning, he began to think seriously of the subject.

"But how can you hope to gain this information?" he asked.

"You will pardon me, Colonel," the youth returned, seriously but kindly. "You know how much depends upon secrecy. In this instance it is more than life, for not only would my life pay the instant penalty of detection, but one whom I love better than life would be doomed. I am confident of success,—so confident that I shall risk all upon the trial. Keep your men ready, and you shall have work for them to do as soon as the Bradbrooks begin to organize their bands."

"Very well, sir," the commandant finally said. "It shall be so. I know I am letting two dangerous villains run who are now within my reach; but upon your pledge I shall depend for a fortunate result to the Patriot cause."

"And you shall not be disappointed," added Philip, with assurance.

"And now for your present purpose," said Willett, smiling. "We must certainly rescue the maiden, and I suppose you will lead the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure they are still at Waldridge's house?"

"I think they are. They intended to remain there until all was quiet in this section."

"And of course you wish to go to-night?"

"Yes, sir,—as soon as possible. It is now not far from midnight. We can reach Waldridge's by three o'clock by taking the upper road. The distance is not over fifteen miles."

"Then away you go. You may have as many men as you like."

"I had better take a dozen, certainly."

"And a sergeant with them. That will make thirteen. *Orderly!*"

The door was opened, and an orderly made his appearance.

"Send Sergeant Goode to me," was the colonel's order.

The sergeant—a stout, soldierly man—soon presented himself, and asked if there were any orders for him.

"How would you like a bit of adventure?" Willett asked.

"Just the thing, sir."

"Then I want you to call your guard at once. They are all able, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then call them as soon as you can, and have them mounted in fifteen minutes. After that you will render implicit obedience to Mr. Lancey here. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir"

"Then be off as soon as possible. Look to your arms, and have sure-footed horses."

In less than the time mentioned the sergeant had his men ready without the fort, and Philip and Jocko were ready to join them. In as few words as possible our hero stated the object of the expedition, and then Jocko led the way. They did not take the same road Nathan Bradbrook had taken, as there was one to the northward full as good, and several miles nearer, which ran along by the foot of the eminence upon which Lancey's dwelling had stood only a few short weeks before.

For several miles the party rode at a brisk trot, but after they had passed the farm of Walter Lancey, and entered the way from which we saw the fugitive families emerge at the opening of our story, the path became more narrow and dubious. There was no moon, but the heavens were clear, and the stars shone brightly, so that the traveling was not difficult, though care was necessary, and at times the horses were left to pick their own way, there being places beneath the dense forest thickets where the men could not see. No more noise was made than was necessary, for they knew not how many Indians might be lurking through the woods. They had heard of the conduct of the savages in killing and plundering their own allies, and they hence supposed that many of the red men had remained behind, though most of them would be likely to make their way beyond the lake as soon as possible.

The morning star was well above the tree-tops when the party reached the edge of Waldridge's clearing, and from this Philip knew it must be very near three o'clock, as the star arose at twenty minutes past two. Slowly and cautiously they approached the buildings, and when they had reached a little grove of maples, which had been left standing for shade trees, they pulled up, and Jocko was sent forward on foot to reconnoitre.

In ten minutes the negro returned and announced that all was still.

"Dar's no guard," he said, "an' I reckons dey t'ink all am petty safe. Now I ken jus' go an' fotch Missa Bella an' Phillis better nor ye could all do it. I ken climb up to dar winder, an' dey'll git off widout any noise, an' widout any bloodshed. Ye mus' eider do so, or ye mus' make a grand row, an' wake up de whole house."

Philip did not stop to consider long. He knew the character of his servant too well to suppose that he would offer to do a thing if he was not sure he could do it successfully. So he bade him go.

Jocko glided back to the house, and having found a stout pole, or log, long enough to reach the window of the room into which he had seen Isabel go, he set it up, and secured the lower end so that it could not move upon the ground. Upon this he made his way to the window, crawling like a cat upon the log, and when he had reached it he had the good fortune to find the sash partly raised.

The house was a common parallelogram, with the front door in the centre, an entry running through to the kitchen, with a large apartment upon either side in front, while in the rear there were four rooms, two of which were bed-rooms, where the host and his wife, and two younger children slept. Isabel occupied a small room over the kitchen, in the rear, and under the eastern gable. The room adjoining her's was occupied by the two oldest boys of the owner; and the apartments where the Tories slept were separated from these two by a wide passage. Jocko knew all this, having hung around on his previous visit until he had seen all hands retire.

The sash was raised but a few inches, and had a small stick under it. Jocko raised it high enough to admit his head, and having looked in he called Isabel's name in a low whisper.

"Who dar?" asked old Phillis, who chanced to be awake, and who had quaked with fear when she first heard the sound of the log against the window; but in a few moments the memory of what she had seen and heard on the road came to her, and she wondered if it were not Jocko.

"It is me—Jocko!"

"Aha—I t'ought so. Who else dar?"

"Wake up yer Missus, an' I'll tell ye all 'bout it. But don't you make de leastest noise in de world."

Isabel was soon awake, and when she knew that Jocko was at the window an ejaculation of hope broke from her lips. She threw the coverlet over her shoulders, and then hastened to the place where the faithful black's head could be seen like a huge ball against the clear, starlit sky.

"What is it, good Jocko?" she asked.

"See dem yer trees down dar?" he stammered, pointing to the maple grove which could just be distinguished in the gloom.

"Yes, Jocko."

"Well—down dar am mas'r Philip and t'irteen soldiers. Mas'r say you come back. Your ole guardian—ole mas'r Lancey—hab sent for ye. He say he hab a right to take care ob yer till ye is nineteen, so he sent mas'r Philip to fotch ye. Will ye go?"

"How can I get out?"

"I ken git ye out fast enuff if ye'll only say ye'll go wid mas'r Philip!"

"Oh, yes! I'll go to my old guardian!"

"Den dat's 'nuff. Hab ye got anyt'ing ye wants to take?"

"Only a few clothes."

"Let's hab um. Here, Phillis—you h'ist dis winder clar up. Dar—dat's it. Now when you is ready, missus, I'll take ye right down jus' as easy. Ole Phillis can come down herself."

It required but a few moments for the maiden to prepare for the flight, and when she was ready she went to the window and sat down upon the stool. She had not stopped to consider. She only followed the dictates of her heart. She fled from terror and persecution—from ugliness and vulgarity, to kindness, love, and duty. Duty for the present, at least. Of the future she thought not.

Jocko placed his long, ape-like arm around the maiden's light form, and raised her to his side as he would have raised a child. To reach the ground was but the work of a moment, and when he had set her down he turned to assist Phillis; but that personage was already upon the window-stool, and though her movements were somewhat clumsy, yet she easily made her way down. Jocko carried the log off to where he had found it, and then led the way to the grove.

"Isabel!" cried our hero, as he caught the maiden by the hand, "my father has sent for you. He feels that he has the right to protect you yet awhile longer. You are not sorry to go?"

"Oh, no! I am very glad!" the fair girl answered, clasping Philip's hand in both of her own. "God bless you, my brother, for all you have done!"

The maiden's head was bowed as she spoke, and Philip dared not reply. His lips quivered; his heart beat wildly; and he knew he should be entirely overcome by his emotions if he attempted to speak. So he raised one of the small hands to his lips, and then turned towards his horse, which was held by one of the soldiers. When he came back he had overcome the strange trepidation which had seized him before, so that he could speak quite calmly.

"We did not bring extra horses, Isabel," he said; "but I have one powerful enough to carry us both, if you will accept a seat with me."

"Certainly," the maiden responded.

"And Phillis can ride with Jocko."

"Jocko aren't here, Mas'r," the old negress said.

"What—not here? Where is he?"

"I don't know. He didn't come all de way wid us."

But the mystery was soon solved, for Phillis had hardly spoken when Jocko made his appearance, leading two horses; or, rather, riding one, and leading the other. They were saddled and bridled, and Isabel and her attendant were soon in their seats. Waldridge's barn was at some distance from his house, so that the negro had run little risk in getting the animals.

At a word from Philip the party drew up in order, and, with Jocko on the lead, they set out; the youthful leader coming next, Isabel and Phillis next, while the sergeant and his men, in single file, brought up the rear.

The morning star was well up in the heavens, and ere long the smaller lights began to pale. By the time they reached the opening upon the western edge of Lancey's farm, the east was streaked with fire, and even the bright star of the morning had hidden its face before the coming of the monarch it had heralded.

The most direct path lay around the foot of the swell upon which the buildings had stood, but Philip had a desire to ride up, and take a look at the ruins of his home. The place where they had stopped was in a sort of ravine, the land rising abruptly upon either hand, and being covered with trees. They had not yet entered upon the clear land, there being a path which led up over the bank upon the left, direct to the spot where the house had stood.

"Shall we take a turn up over the hill?" asked Philip.

"Certainly," responded the sergeant. "We may find something among the ruins that——"

He was cut short in his speech by a sharp cry from Jocko, and Jocko's cry was quickly drowned by a yell so loud and terrific, that even Philip Lancey quaked with fear!

With an eager movement our hero reached Isabel's side, and as he did so, full three score of dusky forms emerged from the surrounding woods, and set up their war-cry afresh. The horses were frightened, and most of them dashed off at full gallop. The animal which Isabel rode was a high-mettled racer belonging to Sir John Johnson, and which the baronet had lent to Nathan Bradbrook. At the first appearance of the painted and bedizened savages, the restive beast had reared aloft, and then plunged forward at the top of his speed, cleaving the air like an arrow. Philip saw her clinging to her seat, and cutting down a powerful Indian who had sprung to his path, he put spurs so his horse and dashed on. He saw two of the soldier's fall—he saw Jocko's horse rearing and plunging in the distance—but he thought only of the fair maiden he had almost rescued.

Our hero had cleared the ravine, and was sweeping around the hill, when the report of a rifle sounded close by him. His horse reared aloft, then plunged forward wildly—stopped and reared again, shaking his head with a loud, painful snort, then he staggered to and fro, and finally fell to the earth, with a bullet buried in his brain!

Philip leaped to his feet and drew both his pistols from the holsters, but ere he could turn, he received a blow upon the head that felled him to the ground. He realized a painful sensation about the brain—he heard the horrible battle-cry of the savage foe—and he knew that stout hands were laid upon him. Then there was a whirling about him—a sort of sinking of the heart and soul—under the influence of which he gave a mighty struggle to recover himself. In the effort he opened his eyes, and the first bright beams of the morning sun poured their effulgence in upon them. He remembered this—he remembered a blaze of glorious light that seemed to envelop him as with a mantle of fire, and then he sank back into savage arms like one dead!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A LETTER

FROM HETTY HEPBURN TO CLYDE PERCIVAL.

"GOING OVER THE RIVER."

For the last time, my dearest friend, for the last, *last* time, I am writing to you in the old birth-house! An hour hence and I shall have departed from this wild, waste river-land forever. I go to a bluer sky, and a balmier clime than this, but oh! not, to my heart, a fairer! I love the wild music of the flashing brooks that forever tumble down the jagged headland slopes. I love the far away shadowy rims of the lone blue hills—mellow and dim in the distance as an old man's dream of childhood. I love the flutter of wings in the dusty vines, and "the crickets' chirp of sorrow" is sweeter melody than the song of the nightingale under the gemmy skies of the land to which I go.

All these I shall miss, and more—old nooks in woodlands haunted by the summer birds—old springs of water, clear as the regnant walls of heaven—old familiar faces, and smiles that never can seem old. I shall miss them, Clyde.

But more than all, this house is dear to me for your sweet sake. To me this is the holiest spot of all the earth. Here I met you, Clyde; here my eyes first looked upon your beloved face—as years ago they first looked upon the light of heaven. Here your hand touched mine the *first* time. And here, farther on in the bright summer, your first kiss fell upon my mouth.

Here the dim love of a dreaming heart surrendered its vague ideal for the glorious real-worship—the love that is your triumph and my blessing.

In this old river-house, my Clyde, beside this very casement—(in the fulness of the spring-time then) shadowy with many a crimson vine, and blooming bough, with my hand in your's, my bowed face on my hand, I gave you the heart that is yours—evermore, and forevermore!

And this love—I said—pure in itself as the unshed dews of twilight—pure as the soul from which it flows—pure as the angels are before God—this love shall abide with you—safe in your gentle keeping, till the going out of life, and the coming in of the sublime mystery of death—and in the sublimer mystery that is beyond death—you whispered!

Do you remember how grandly the moon arose that night, dear Clyde? How the river moaned, and sobbed upon the shining silver shores her footsteps made so fair? How the dark pines stood about the hills in the glory, like veiled worshipers before a holy shrine? How mutely we stood, drinking in the silence of the night, and a sense of our own fulfilled happiness, till the wandering pleiades had tracked the blue fields of space far on toward the splendor of the zenith, searching for their lost sister?

But alas! that was in the past—and I am going away from a dear old home to a newer one, hallowed by no sweet associations—made beautiful only by the assurance that your love will be there, as here, or any spot of the universe, mine, once and forever!

I go from my old home by the river, Clyde Percival, and my soul is shaken like a wind-swept sea. But many and many are the golden boats with purple sails, forever fanned with gales of summer spice, that cross the blue gulf of that lonely sea. Hopes, and faiths, and aspirations for the holy time that is to be—our wedding-hood—my darling!

But the moments pass, even as the white blossoms of yon shaken thorn are drifted away by the invisible winds of heaven. The headlands flush from base to cope with a sudden impulse of the dying day. The casement darkens in its solemn vines, heavy with russet and crimson fruitage now; and the river sings with a drowsier under tone. I have almost done, and when the far limits of the low south hills are rosied this nightfall—as we saw them rosied a nightfall, long ago—I shall have crossed the wan threshold, and passed over the river forever!

I have freed the little bird I loved so well, and called for you, sweet Clyde. I could not endure to take him away from the old homestead—his as well as mine. Maybe, in the summers yet to come, when earth, and air, and river are glorious with light, and song, and fragrances, a dim echo of my name shall linger in his carol. He loves me—can he not remember, faintly, like a far heard music in sleep, the little lady who tended him so fondly? Trustfully I will believe, dear Clyde, that nothing *you* have loved can ever be wholly forgotten—however unworthy to be remembered—even by the smallest of God's created universe.

There! the sun in gorgeous pageantry of crimson, and purple, and flaming gold, goes with a stately stride over the royal threshold of his antique palace among the hills! The last bird-note sounds up the long dim aisles of the summer woods—the stars glitter in the northern blue like lilies on a twilight sea—the evening wind comes freshening from the distant meadow-lands, and over the gray river slopes, and the solemn night is here!

The last words are written, in a quaint, unsteady hand, by this dim uncertain light. I go out now and the stranger will come in—and I shall be to this dear old house as something that never was!

Will you, Clyde Percival, when I shall have gone out of my beautiful house of life on earth—across the old river of death, and up to the sweet company of angels, and to the mansions of life everlasting—will you remember me only as a dream of the summer night?

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

BEATING THE UGLY OUT.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Stop that! Say, you man, what *are* you about? Are you trying to *kill* that boy? because if you *are*, here is a knife, which will do it quicker, and with less pain. Oh! you are only "beating the ugly out of him," are you? Well, you'll have to beat a long while to do that; because, for one bad spirit that you (in your present state of mind) beat *out* of him, you beat two *in*. You'll find it an up-hill work that you are at—you will, indeed. He is your "own boy," and you've "a right to beat him" as much as you like, hey? That's your *say so*; but you can't prove it. Nobody has any right to abuse any body else; least of all has a father a right to so shockingly abuse his own child. Solomon said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," did he? What if he did? Don't you suppose there are other rods beside such a club as that you've got in your hand? What kind of a rod is it that the Scriptures require you to kiss? Is it a birch, or a leather trunk-strap? You are as bad as the old ladies that think that all Christ meant by "taking up the cross," was speaking in meeting. Solomon would never justify you in flogging your own flesh and blood when you are in a passion. Not he; at least, not in venting your anger on your children. Very likely he might allow you to do as one who shall here be nameless once did—namely, take a shingle to *yourself*. It would do you good—there is no doubt of it. And any man who has a boy of twelve years old, who requires a flogging to make him go straight, deserves a good smart flogging himself, and we know who would enjoy seeing it administered. Little whippings and little switches may do nicely for children, when *other things* fail; but to thrash and pound a great boy, in whose breast the passions of humanity are rapidly growing, is a hardening, brutalizing, and ruinous process. It never does him good, and it is a wonder if it does not make him even worse than his father is. *Any* punishment bestowed in an angry and revengeful temper provokes anger and revenge—blows most of all.

You "don't know how to manage him," hey? Then give him into the hands of some one who does know. Where is his mother? "Dead"—is she? Oh! yes, of course she's dead. What was the use of asking? Such a desolate, desperate, forlorn urchin as that one, twisting and growing fiendish in your clutches, couldn't, by any possibility, have a living, *loving* mother—of course she's in her grave, long ago, and you are *remembering* her, it seems. Probably you are beating your son for the sake of his mother—the sleeper of years—whose heart once beat with so much love both for you and for her child. Well, you'll have a pretty account to render to *her* (not mentioning any *higher* being) of the care and love which you bestowed on her forsaken son. Don't the idea of meeting her make you happy? You "never did know how to get along with children." Is *that* what you say? It should have been your business to *find out*, then, before you took upon yourself the fearful priesthood of a father. How did you *dare* incur that most awful of all human responsibilities—the guardianship of an immortal soul—before you had learned, as perfectly as man may know, how to turn it to usefulness and happiness? Man, man, think you that at the judgment seat you will be able to excuse yourself for the ruin of your child by saying, "I didn't know how to get along with him; I hadn't patience enough with him, nor love enough for him?" If you were unfit to teach a child, you committed a crime against society, humanity and Heaven, in becoming a father; if you cannot reform, you ought to work your fingers to the bone, in order to pay others to do for your unfortunate child what you can't do. If you will-not resolve to make it *the* business of your *life* to promote the best good of those upon whom you have entailed existence, you are more *cruel*, certainly, if less *guilty*, than if you had strangled them at their birth. Thus they would have no sin to answer for—no misery to bear.

You thought it "a fine thing to have a little baby." Oh! yes, men generally do; but they don't and *won't* consider that in the heart of that sweet, smiling babe, lie coiled the evils of human nature, and that on the parents lies the responsibility of helping that poor babe to gain the victory over them all. This is too much like work; it is making a serious matter of having a baby, and men *won't* believe anything about it, and they are almost universally sure to neglect the culture of the child—perhaps *teach* it all wrong—until, the first thing they know, there is an eight or ten year old boy at their elbow, cutting up all the ugly capers that it is possible to think of. They can't get *rid* of this vexatious fellow—they will not take time, patience, perhaps even darling *money*, to effect his cure, and so they fly at him as they do at dogs and horses, and beat and bang him till they make a fool or a desperado of him, and then they sit down and condole with themselves, to think they are so *unfortunate* as to have a worthless son.

PERNICIOUS GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.

It has passed into an aphorism that activity is necessary to virtue, even among those who are not apprised that it is also indispensable to happiness. So far are many parents from being sensible of this truth, that vacations from school are not merely allowed, but *appointed* to pass away in wearisome sauntering and indeterminate idleness; and this by way of converting the holidays into pleasure. Nay, the idleness is specifically made over to the child's mind, as the strongest expression of the fondness of the parent. A dislike to learning is thus systematically excited by preposterously erecting indolence into a reward for application, and the promise of *doing nothing* is held out as the best recompense for *having done well*.

THE COMING WINTER

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

What will the coming winter bring
For the favored ones of earth?
Glowing grates, and cheerful hearths,
And sounds of joyful mirth.
The musical sleigh-bell's merry chime
Will ring on the frosty air,
And luxury's mantle will banish cold
From the great, the rich, and fair.

What will the coming winter bring
To Poverty's lowly home?
A mournful wail—a grief untold,
And hunger's fearful moan;
A ragged mantle that will not shield
The form from the frost king's breath;
Tears and sighs, despairing cries,
And the icy touch of Death.

Charity folds her shining wings,
And asks (will she ask in vain?)
Help from the rich for the starving poor,
That hope may be their's again.
There are noble, kindly hearts to heed
The call of her gentle voice;
They will feel 'tis a blessed thing to give,
Then go on their way and rejoice.

THE
INN OF STANTON SQUARE.

A TALE OF OTHER LANDS.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

[It was a nun who told me the story—a nun, whose plain habit of black and white, with its girdle, and crucifix and rosary, seemed as much at variance with her pleasant face and laughing eyes, as could well be imagined. We sat together in the parlor of the convent, with the bright sunshine streaming in at the high casements, and the warm breeze of an English summer playing among the branches of the poplar trees outside. In those cloisters, the distant noise of the great city of London seemed like the murmuring of a hive of bees, and now and then, the mournful swell of an organ in a neighboring monastery came across the quiet grounds, like the cry of a restless soul. In such a place, and amid a thousand associations of this kind, I listened to the story of Sister Marie.]

"I was not always as you see me now," she began. "In my eighteenth year I was gay and worldly. I thought I was truly happy; but alas! I knew little of true happiness then!

"I was the only child of a father who listened to my every wish indulgently. When, therefore, I expressed a desire to travel abroad, it was granted at once, and we set sail from my beautiful native land. My dear America!" she exclaimed, breaking out suddenly into enthusiasm, "Oh! shall I ever see thee more? England may be fair, but, oh! my own dear home is fairer still!"

"I agree with you," said I, eagerly. "But if you indeed wish to see your home so much, why do you not return?"

She smiled a grave, sweet smile, and touched the crucifix she wore.

"My duty is here. Here I shall live and die; but Heaven looks on America as well as on England. I shall see my country then. Now let me go on with my story, for the day is wearing away, and the vespers are near.

"Our journey was at first delayed, and then hurried. We sailed not on the vessel we had selected, but, as God would have it, on another, which went first. On board that vessel were two Roman Catholic priests."

"Ah! and that is the way you became a nun?" I cried.

"You jump hastily at conclusions. No, that was not the way. It was much more dreadful—but God's will be done! I was bitterly prejudiced against the Roman Catholic church—I thought it was nothing but a sink of iniquity, and should have avoided her priests as the emissaries of Satan himself, had I known who they were. But in their long, straight coats, and broad-brimmed, black hats, do you know, I took them to be professors in some American college, and chatted with them freely every day."

She laughed so heartily at the recollection of her ignorance, that I could not help smiling, too.

"You are a Protestant," she added, "and wish to remain such. So I will not tell you how, step by step, I was led on to speak of the religion I had detested. Enough that it was beautiful to me, and that I almost worshiped him who had converted me. I could have laid down life itself for his sake. I tell you this that you may not be surprised at what I did do afterwards.

"Our party up to London consisted of a gay young lieutenant and his wife, an American gentleman who was about visiting his relatives in Edinburgh, the two priests, and my father and myself. We occupied a private car. Two seats were vacant, and at the second station a swarthy, black-browed man, wrapped in a large cloak (although it was in the month of August) took one of them, and after a survey of our party, drew his slouched hat over his forehead, and seemed to sleep. Throughout my whole life, I have been the victim of sudden presentiments, when anything strange or important was about to occur, and from the moment this man entered, my gayety deserted me, and I sat silent, listening to the rest, but without smiling even at their most ludicrous remarks. My head was leaning on my hand, and my seat was exactly opposite that of the new comer. Glancing his way, I was startled by the gaze of two fierce black eyes, as bright and sharp as steel, that were bent upon one of our party (under the cover of his slouched hat) with a glance of hatred that could not well be mistaken, even by such a novice as myself. I held my breath involuntarily, and was about to start up to see who it could be. But prudence for once restrained me, and I changed my position cautiously, till I could look, without any apparent effort or intention, where he was looking. To my astonishment, I saw that his eyes were fastened upon 'Father Bernard,' (as he had taught me to call him), who sat reading his breviary very intently, little dreaming of the eyes that were bent upon him.

"What could it mean? I sank back in my seat, and thought busily. Some evil seemed impending over us—some great sorrow which could not be averted. Was it danger for him—for me—for any of those to whom I had been attached during the long voyage at sea? While I was musing over these things, the shrill whistle of the engine began to sound, and in a few moments we were in London.

"We drove to the same place—the Inn in Stanton Square—in three carriages, and during the bustle that succeeded our arrival, I had little time to remember my forebodings. My father and myself dined alone in our private sitting-room, and afterwards went out to visit Westminster Abbey; the lieutenant and his wife bade us a laughing farewell, and started for Portsmouth; the American gentleman went, directly after dinner, in the special train to Edinburgh, and the two priests went out together in a cab, to visit some friends. I was thinking how soon the party had broken up, as I strolled through the chapels of the Abbey with my father, listening to the deep voice of the guide who attended us, when, just as we were leaving the chapel of Edward the Confessor, I saw a dark figure, wrapped in a cloak, glide past me, and disappear in the distance. I started, it seemed so like the one which had haunted me. But before I could speak to my father, it had vanished.

"We lingered long in the cloisters, where the monks once paced to and fro, in sandal and gown, and where so many of them are now buried. We halted beside one large stone, carved with the simple inscription, 'Gervause, Abbas,' and while I listened to the verger's somewhat confused account of the many monks who were buried there, I heard a stifled laugh behind me, and saw the stranger standing near. My father raised his hat—he returned the courtesy, and said, in Italian, while his white teeth glistened, and his evil black eye shone like a wolf's—

"'I would they were all lying there!'

"'And why?' said my father, curiously. But he had already left us, and we saw him no more within those walls.

"The sun was setting when we left the Abbey, and after a pleasant sail down the Thames, as far as London Bridge, of nursery memory, we reached our inn in time for a genuine English tea. Our dinner had been very early, and I was glad to see the hissing urn, the crisp toast, and the clear marmalade upon the table. But it seemed lonely—only us two in that great room. My father went out to find our friends, the priests. They, too, were sitting in solitary state, and readily agreed to join us. With the blazing lights that filled every nook and corner of the quaint old room with a thousand dancing gleams, the well-spread table, and the cheerful faces assembled round it, we presented a picture of domestic peace and quiet, such as is seldom seen, even in this most homelike of countries.

"Our inn was a very old one. Some parts of the main building had been standing nearly three hundred years. The walls were covered with old pictures, whose subjects could scarcely be discerned; the halls were connected with each other by galleries thrown across from the second story, over the court below; the stair-cases were of oak, rudely carved, and ponderous enough to furnish a modern house from top to bottom; even the chairs seemed to have been procured at a sale of antiquated furniture, and were of oak or mahogauy, curiously carved, and stamped upon the back with coats of arms. It seemed like England to live in a place like this. But when the bed-room candles came, and the taciturn chambermaid showed me my room, after I had wished my friends good night, my enthusiasm cooled a little. The room allotted to me was a double one, with two immense beds, whose closely drawn curtains suggested thoughts of some one lurking in their concealment, and ready to spring upon me when I was most unprepared. The furniture was as antiquated as that below, and the China service on the toilet table was painted with monsters and dragons that would have been the delight of some old dowager's heart in the seventeenth century. In addition to this, the ascent to those great beds was by a pair of steps placed between them, that recalled to my mind, I know not why, a certain chamber in the Tower of London, where the infant king and his brother were smothered, by the order of the tyrant, Richard. A door, just beyond the second bed, stood half open, and showed me a smaller chamber, containing a camp bedstead, a toilet table, and an easy chair, and lighted by a window that looked out upon the court below.

"It may have been very foolish, but I felt that sleep would laugh me to scorn if I wooed her from such a pillow. I could not stay in that lonely room, come what would. And turning to the chambermaid, I asked—

"'Where does my father sleep?'

"'On the floor above, miss, if you please.'

"I did not please. Something, I felt convinced, was about to happen to me that night. I determined to have my father near me. I told her so, of course, without giving her my reasons. She considered a moment.

"'I don't see but one way, Miss, for we have very few rooms vacant now. But if the two gentlemen would not object, their luggage might be put in this double room, and then I could give you one of their small rooms, and your father the other. They open into each other, Miss, by an inner door. I will show them to you, if you like. They are only the other side of the hall.'

"I followed her, and looked at the rooms which had been assigned to the priests. They were small, light, airy—just what I wanted.

"'Stay here a moment,' I said to her, and then I ran down to find my father. I heard them talking as I approached the door, and opening it, called him softly by name. He came out to me at once.

"'Well, Puss, what is it?'

"I told him. He laughed good-naturedly at my folly, but performed his errand, and returned with the message that the rooms were very much at my service; on hearing which, the chambermaid rang for the porter, and I was soon installed in my new quarters.

"'Many people seem to like these rooms,' she said, as she lingered a moment before leaving me. 'We have had a gentleman looking at them this evening. He asked very particularly who occupied them, and when I told him he gave them up at once, though I think he wanted them himself. But he is a very polite gentleman.'

"'How does he look?' I asked, suddenly.

"'He is very dark, Miss, and wears his hair and beard long. His eyes are as bright and black, and his teeth are as white as white can be. He is a very handsome man, Miss.'

"It was evident that the chambermaid was deeply smitten. But a horrible suspicion seized upon me as I heard her describe him.

"'Does he wear a cloak?' I asked.

"'Yes, Miss, a very beautiful one; and a strange looking hat, that nearly hides his face. I think he must be an Italian.'

"'He asked you about these rooms, you say?'

"'Yes, Miss. He seemed to want them very much, and asked if the gentlemen were going to keep them to-night. I told him they were. And then he asked me if either of them was a priest.'

"My heart beat so loudly I was afraid she would hear it.

"'And what did you say?'

"An expressive smile played around her full lips.

"'Of course I told him they were not, Miss. I hope the Inn in Stanton Square will never be cursed by the presence of a Catholic! No, Miss, I told him they were American gentlemen; and then he seemed to think they might be friends of his. So he asked me how they were dressed.'

"'And you told him?'

"'Yes, Miss.'

"'What did he do then?'

"'He said that he was mistaken in the persons, and then he took his light and went up to bed.'

"'He is in this house, then?' I exclaimed.

"'Yes, Miss,' she said, looking earnestly at me, as if she wondered at the curiosity I displayed. 'He is on the floor above.'

"'That will do. You may call me at seven to-morrow. We wish to breakfast early.'

"'Oh, thank you, Miss. I wish you good night, Miss.'

"I thought long of what she had told me after she had gone. I did not like the close inquiries made by this man, when I remembered the glance I had seen him fix upon Father Bernard that morning. And what could the meaning of that glance be? What harm had the good priest done to him? I waited anxiously for my father to come up stairs, that I might talk with him.

"He came at last. I heard him say good-night to his companions—heard the door of their room close behind them, and then I entered his.

"'What—still up, Marie?' he said, as I came beside his chair.

"'Father, I cannot sleep.'

"'Strange!' he said, looking at me attentively: 'Your friend, Father Bernard, as you call him, said the same words, only a moment ago. He thinks the air of London is oppressive.'

"'Oh—it is not that,' I said. 'It is a warning sent to him by God.'

"My father looked at me as if he thought I was insane. But when I told him all I had heard from the servant, his face changed, and he drew me closer to him.

"'My little Marie, it may be that something is about to happen to us, as you say. All through the day I have had moments of strange despondency, for which I could not account. But we are in the hands of God—let us remember that.'

"'But is it not best to tell Father Bernard?' I asked, anxiously.

"'I think not. All these things may mean nothing, and we should only get laughed at for our pains. Besides, his brother occupies the small room opening out of his. If this man means mischief, it would be hard for him to force a door without waking both the brothers, or even me.'

"He took up the light, and went through our rooms to see that they were safe. As he opened the hall door for a moment, I heard the cheerful laugh of 'Father Thomas' in the passage. It is strange how that simple sound quieted me. My fears seemed quite ridiculous, long before its echo died away.

"'All is right with us,' said my father, as he returned. 'Will you go to bed now, and sleep quietly, like a good girl?'

"'I will try,' I answered; and taking my candle I kissed him, as I bade him good-night. I looked back as I crossed the threshold of my room. He sat with his head leaning on his hand, looking thoughtful—even sad. Dear, good, old father! I ran back, and threw my arms about his neck again, and as I did so I saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"'I was thinking of your mother, Marie,' he said, in answer to my inquiring face. 'Your face is so much like hers—nay, even your voice and your movements—that I almost fancy she has come back to me, at times. Dear child, I know you love me. Even your new-found friend, the good priest, can have no power to wean you from me, can he?'

"'Oh, father,—no one can ever do that. You know it!'

"'Yes, I believe I do,' he answered, smoothing my hair with a gentle hand. 'You have been a good and loving child to me, Marie,—God bless you for it. Now good-night—don't forget to say your little prayer to-night, my darling, before you sleep.'

"To my father I was but a little child still. I was glad of that, and yet on this night it saddened me. I kissed him once more, and went to my own room; but I could not help sobbing as I closed the door between us.

"I did not undress. A voice seemed constantly whispering in my ear to be in readiness for whatever might happen. I walked my floor a long, long time, and, at last, when the house and even the street adjoining it were perfectly still, I laid down, and fell, in a few moments, into a heavy slumber.

"I dreamed a terrible dream. I thought the curtains to my bed were drawn widely apart, and showed the room lit, as if for a festival. On table, chairs, and mantlepiece were nothing but ghastly, grinning death's heads—all turned towards me. In the centre of the room was a coffin, covered with a pall of black velvet. I thought I rose from my bed and approached it. I raised the pall with a trembling hand, and oh! there lay my dear and honored father!—not as I had last seen him, but cold and motionless in death, with the blood flowing in a stream from a deep wound in his breast! As I looked upon him, dumb with grief and horror, I saw him open his eyes, and say in a suppressed voice:

"'I am wrong—and it is nearly daylight. What does all this mean? Has the devil deserted me, at last?'

"The words were ringing in my ear when I awoke. And yet it did not sound like my father's voice. It had a foreign accent. Only half-conscious of what was passing around me, I yet knew that some one was moving in the room. Was it my father? Was he ill?

"Just as I was about to speak his name, I happened to unclose my eyes, and saw what struck me dumb. The Italian was making his way cautiously to the door! In his hand he held a lighted candle, which he shielded carefully from every breath of wind, and between his teeth he held a gleaming poinard! Without doubt it had been held above my heart, and but for the friendly light would have been buried there! And who was he seeking now? Ah, I knew only too well. It was Father Bernard whom he had expected to find sleeping there—it was Father Bernard whom he would discover in the adjacent room, and he would become his victim unless I could warn him of his danger, and save him from it.

"I sprang from the bed as soon as the soft turning of the latch warned me that the assassin had left the door, and hurried into my father's room. The good old man was sleeping like a child; but when I touched his hand, and called him in a low whisper, he awoke in an instant.

"'Marie—what brings you here, my child? Is it morning?'

"'Oh, hush,' I whispered, in agony: 'Do not be a second! It is all as I feared. That man has only this instant left my room, and now he is searching for the priest! Oh! rise, father—or we shall be too late!'

"'Give me my dressing-gown quick, child. It lies on yonder chair.'

"I found it by the light of the moon that streamed in through the window. He threw it around him, and followed me into my chamber

"'You are dressed, my child. That is well. Now remain in here till I return. Do not stir, or——'

"'Father,' I said, resolutely, 'I am going with you.'

"'Marie, my child, there may be bloodshed and death——'

"'And I will share it with you. Father, do not delay, for the love of God!'

"I opened the door softly, and stepped over the threshold. He said no more, but he pressed my hand tightly as we glided through the dark passage, and I heard him sigh.

"The faint gleam of the murderer's lamp guided us when we reached the door of the double-room, which was ajar. We shrank back in the shadow, almost fearing that our breath would betray us. I saw at once that both beds were untouched. I also saw—what my father at first did not—the figure of Father Bernard, sitting beside the little toilet table in the alcove. His breviary was lying open before him, and the candle had burned down almost to the socket. He was still dressed, and had apparently fallen asleep through fatigue, for his head was lying upon his folded arms, and his dark-brown curls were scattered over the open pages of his book.

"I pointed him out to my father, and leaned forward to see what the Italian was doing. He had, apparently, missed his prey, and finding the beds empty, had visited the smaller bed-room, but in vain. As he passed by the door, I heard him uttering curses in his own native tongue. They died upon his lips, however, when his eyes fell upon the sleeping figure in the recess, at the other end of the room. He sat down his lamp, drew himself up to his full hight, and uttered a long-drawn sigh. His purpose was almost accomplished!

"He glided stealthily up behind the chair of the priest—we followed him as stealthily. He raised his glittering poinard high in the air.

"'This blow is for Teresa Monti,' he cried, in a terrible voice.

"It fell—but not where it was intended. I saw that *his* life was in peril, and threw myself before him, as I had often thought I could do. My father grasped the arm of the assassin with a powerful hand, yet I was wounded slightly. See, here is the scar."

"And your father?" I asked, eagerly.

"Oh! my father—my poor father! The Italian turned upon him, furious with rage and disappointment.

"'Dotard!—would you balk *me!*' he cried—and stabbed him to the heart!

"Imagine that group! I was staggering feebly under my wound, yet trying to support the sinking form of my father. The Italian was struggling furiously in the powerful grasp of Father Bernard, who had started from his sleep too late to save his preserver. The room was filling with the inmates of the household, male and female, who had been roused by the noise of the struggle, and Father Thomas, who had dressed hastily, was trying to make his way to the assistance of his brother. All was confusion, weeping, and dismay. And in the midst of such a turmoil the being I loved best on earth was dying!

"'Help me, brother!' I heard Father Bernard shout. 'It is Luigi Monti.'

"As if the sound of his own name nerved him to desperation, the ruffian wrenched himself from his grasp, and, crying out—

"'Yes, it is Luigi Monti!—who has escaped you twice, and who now defies you a third time!'—he stabbed himself, and fell headlong at Father Bernard's feet.

"Ah, what a scene was that! The servants removed the quivering body of the dead man with fear and trembling, and the two priests knelt beside me and my dying father. Father Bernard wept like a child as he wiped the death damps from his forehead, and whispered words of good cheer to the departing soul.

"'I die a Protestant,' said my father, feebly. 'I die in a good cause, and I believe God will pardon all my sins for this last act. But, my child—my Marie! Sir, I charge you, as you have a soul to save, to be kind to her who is made an orphan for your sake. I leave her in your care—at the judgment-day I shall require her of you.'

"'And may God forsake me if I do not always fill your place so far as in my power lies,' said the priest, solemnly.

"'I am content to die. Kiss me, Marie.'

"Those were the last words I ever heard my father speak," added the poor nun, wiping her eyes. "It was not many moments before I was an orphan. But the good priest led me away from that cold corpse, and talked so beautifully of the Heaven he was sure my father had attained, by his last earthly act, that I was consoled. They buried him there in London. He lies in the churchyard of St. Pauls, where he had always wished to be buried. But oh! it was a bitter day for me, when I heard the sods rattle down upon his coffin. Even now, though I believe he is safe and happy in Heaven, I can only weep when I remember him. He was all I had to love. I loved him too much, I know, and so God took him from me. Well—I can say now, what it was utterly impossible for me to say then, 'Not my will, oh Father, but thine be done!'"

She kissed the crucifix she wore, and sighed.

"I see now, at least, why you entered a convent," I said, gently.

"Yes—you see, in part. But I cannot make you understand the feeling that came over me at my father's death. I was alone—a stranger in a strange land, with no one but him to love me. The world lost all its charms. I longed for a quiet home. I longed also for a religion which should sustain me. I found both within these walls, and I can wait patiently for the clay which shall unite me to him."

"And where is Father Bernard?" I asked.

A sudden shadow passed over the composed face of the nun.

"Father Bernard is now in Heaven," she said, speaking very slowly and unsteadily.

I looked shocked and grieved, and she saw it.

"But it is not long since he died," she added. "He lived to receive me into the church, and guide and instruct me in the way I had chosen. See—here is one thing he has left me."

She showed me the crucifix she wore. It was quite large, and richly carved. On the reverse side was the name—"Rev. Bernard Benedict Gordon," and the inscription—"Oh, pray for me when I am gone."

I gave it back to her reverently. The souvenirs of the dead are always sacred to me, and this seemed doubly so—hallowed as it was by two such memories.

"Will you tell me why the Italian pursued the priest with such hatred?" I asked.

A faint blush covered her smooth cheek.

"Luigi Monti was the descendant of one of the noblest Italian families. He was left, while yet a young boy, the last of his father's name, and the only protector of his infant sister, Teresa, whom he passionately loved. As she grew up to womanhood she was very beautiful. Many pleaded for her hand; but she was cold, and her brother was proud. He was determined that she should only wed her equal. But at last she saw and loved a young officer—a Greek, of humble birth and extraction, and who was without fortune. She knew well that her brother would break off such an attachment, when it was once discovered, and fled from her father's house, to wed her lover privately. Luigi was furious when the tidings were brought to him. He swore to be revenged, and so well did he keep his oath, that before a month had passed he killed the young captain in a street quarrel, and drove his sister almost distracted. She never wished to look upon his face again, and entered the convent of the Sisters of Compassion. Over this convent Father Bernard had some influence, and it was to him that Luigi came for help. Of course it was refused, for the church grants a home and protection to all who require it. Maddened by his repeated disappointments, Luigi tried to take the life of the priest who dared to withstand him. In the first attempt he failed. In the second, he would have succeeded but for the mercy of God, who appointed my dear father, and my own unworthy self, as the instrument of his salvation. And, oh! that life was well given that preserved, though only for a few short years, the existence of so good a man. It was a happy death to die. I would that mine could be but like it."

"And Father Thomas?"

"Is now in Jerusalem, on a pilgrimage. Before many months go by, he will be near us again. He is a brother of the monastery near by us, and is only absent for a little while. It was the wish of Father Bernard," she added, with a faltering voice, "his dearest wish, to share his pilgrimage with him. But I know his name will be spoken in the prayers that are uttered there, and his eyes are looking upon the glories of the New Jerusalem now. And after all, it matters but little if our fondest wishes are granted us or not, since every pleasure offered us in Heaven so far transcends them all. There are many joys I am content to lose here—many sorrows I am ready to bear, when I think of that blessed country where I have seen so many that were very dear to me going, and where I shall one day meet them all, and know them, even as I knew them here on earth, only far better! far better!"

I was silent. To me it seemed a dreary life. And she was so young, so fair, so gentle, that I longed to see her in her own proper place—in the world. I hinted as much to her, but she only sighed and smiled, and shook her head.

"You little know what you say," was her gentle answer. "Remember how I respect your scruples as a Protestant—show the same forbearance to me as a Catholic."

"Answer me but one question, and I will," I answered. "Are you really happy here?"

She looked at me a moment, and raised her crucifix to her lips.

"I believe I am doing my duty, and that sustains me. The world has nothing more for me—it only remains for me to give myself to God."

Only half satisfied with this enigmatical answer, I walked to the window, and looked out upon the silent grounds.

"If you would like to see his grave—the grave of Father Bernard," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "I can procure you admittance to the grounds of the monastery near by, where he is buried."

"Do so if you please."

She wrote a little note at the side table, and put it in my hand.

"Go down the avenue that leads to the grounds," she said, "and the person who has charge of them will admit you when you show him that. The grave is the last upon the right hand side of the center path. You will see a stone cross above it."

The bell for vespers began to toll as she ceased speaking. I bade her farewell with tears in my eyes, for I knew I should never meet her again, and she had been very kind to me.

"God grant that we may meet in Heaven," she murmured, and kissing me tenderly, she glided away, and disappeared from my eyes among the numerous black-robed forms that began to wend their way across the court where I was standing, to her chapel.

I went directly to the cemetery, and was admitted without a word, when I delivered the little note of Sister Marie. The grounds were small, but tastefully laid out, and carefully cared for. Beautiful flowers were blossoming on every grave, and in the grand old trees that shaded the park, many an English bird was singing.

I found the grave of Father Bernard without the least difficulty. It was in a lovely spot, close to the sheltering wall, overgrown with ivy, and shaded by a large chestnut tree. On the stone cross at its head were carved the words, "Ora pro me." Protestant though I was, I did not reject the simple petition, but breathed a heartfelt prayer that all might be well with the soul that had gone to stand before its Judge.

The sun sunk slowly in the west, as I lingered there. I leaned against the chestnut tree, and looked around with a softened heart. The stone spire of a Protestant church lifted itself high in air, almost side by side with the gilded cross that shone upon the Catholic "oratory" before me. Its bells were ringing for evening service, as I had heard them ringing so often in my own dear native land, and my heart and eyes were full, as I remembered all who loved me there, and whose dear faces I might never see again. I loved these English bells—they spoke of home and friends, and the religion of my fathers.

The sunset—the long English twilight—was deepening into dusk, before I aroused myself from the reverie into which I had fallen. I cast one last look at the grave beneath my feet—gave one sigh to the memory of the gentle Sister Marie, and walked slowly towards the gate. The bells of the Protestant church had ceased to toll, but I heard the nuns singing vespers as I passed along, and the organ of the monastery seemed to question and answer them with its sweet, yet mournful tones.

It was an enchanted hour. But it passed too soon, as all happy hours will do. I heard the iron gate of the cemetery clang behind me, and came out into the noisy, bustling world of London, like one who walks in a dream!

TURKISH MODE OF MAKING COFFEE.

The Turkish way of making coffee produces a very different result from that to which we are accustomed. A small conical saucepan, with a long handle, and calculated to hold two table-spoonsful of water, is the instrument used; the fresh-roasted berry is pounded, not ground, and about a dessert-spoonful is put into the minute boiler; it is then nearly filled with water and thrust among the embers; a few seconds suffice to make it boil, and the decoction, grounds and all, is poured out into a small cup, which fits into a brass socket much like the cup of an acorn, and holding the china cup as that does the acorn itself. The Turks seem to drink this decoction boiling, and swallow the grounds with the liquid. It is taken plain—sugar or cream would be thought to spoil it; and Europeans, after a little practice, are said to prefer it to the clear infusion drank in France. In every hut you will see these coffee-boilers suspended, and the means for pounding the roasted berry will be found at hand.

THERE is nothing so agreeable to nature or so convenient to our affairs, whether in prosperity or adversity, as friendship.

ANNIE OF THE WABASH.

BY ALICE CARY.

On the banks of Wabash,
Lighting up their shades,
Lives my beauteous Annie,
Sweetest maid of maids.
Cheeks as red as roses—
Clouds of amber hair;
On the banks of Wabash
None are half so fair!

Annie was my sweetheart
Long years away,
But working in the summer corn,
We fell out, one day.
So I lost my Annie,
And for her smiling sweet
I'm dying by the river-wave
That murmurs at her feet.

Woody banks of Wabash,
I'm jealous of your boughs,
That kiss the face of Annie,
When she's calling home her cows.
I hate ye, winds of Wabash,
For every day you steal,
And whisper love to Annie,
As she's sitting at her wheel.

Prairie banks of Wabash,
'Tis not your sunny days
That set your grassy reaches
With blossoms all a-blaze.
Dim and dewy dingles,
'Tis not your birds at all
That make the air one warble,
From rainy spring till fall.

Oh, haughty heart of Annie!
You will never melt, I know,
And be kind to me and sweet to me,
As in the long ago;
Ere we fell out a-working in
The summer corn one day,—
So on the banks of Wabash
I must sigh my soul away.

THE LADY SEAMSTRESS;

OR,

STANDING UP FOR THE RIGHT.

Our friend Job is a bachelor and a woman hater. How much the rumor that a certain young lady on whom he had once fixed his affections, and to whom he was engaged, "disappointed" him by running off at the eleventh hour with another, has to do with this feeling, we may not take upon us to say. But the fact is patent to all his acquaintance, that he regards the gentle sex with an aversion, which is equaled only by his admiration of the laws and institutions of his native New Jersey, which, Job insists with characteristic emphaticalness, is *not* a foreign nation.

Be this as it may, Job's dislike of the gentle sex is so well known to us, that it was with pure, unadulterated astonishment, we, the other evening, at early dusk, beheld him, with a grace that would have reflected credit upon the breeding of a courtier, lift his broad-brim to a passing seamstress, whose neat, modest demeanor, blended, as it was, with a sort of religious dignity, had already attracted our attention.

"Why, Job!" we exclaimed. "That was a woman!"

"I am aware of that," he replied, with the calm of a man who has satisfactory reasons for what he has done, and stands in awe of no tribunal for its opinion or judgment of the same.

"O—I see," said we. "The great woman-hater captured at last. A mild, fair face, a pair of saintly blue eyes, a modest black bonnet, and a neat half-mourning print upon a slender form, with a dignified air, and a soft, noiseless, graceful carriage, have led him to recant, to yield, to add another to the innumerable host of matrimonial martyrs. The old story. Woman too much for him. Ha! ha!"

But Job was undisturbed by the banter.

"That woman," said he, with a sturdy dignity, which we never perceive in him except on extraordinary occasions—"that woman, though only a poor seamstress, is worthy of your respect and mine. She is one in a million—a heroine in humble life—than whom a nobler, truer, braver, has not lived since Ruth!"

Our friend's air and manner checked our mirth. We saw in an instant that we were at fault in guessing at the probable cause of his departure from his customary deportment towards the fair. At the same time, his remark highly excited our curiosity.

"That woman," said Job, his usually calm eye kindling with enthusiasm, "is an ornament to our century—one of the salt of the earth—a living witness of a living principle—a brilliant instance of the chivalrous, self-sacrificing spirit which distinguishes the True from the Faithless. I honor the cause when I honor its champions; I honor myself when I do honor to those that are worthy of it!"

Job was roused, and we walked on a few moments in silence.

"That woman," began our friend, at length, "is one of the few of the sex, who, ignoring self, stand up, like true women, for the Right!"

"Job—Job!" we exclaimed. "Have mercy upon a poor fellow's curiosity, and come at once to the facts!"

Job hemmed. In fact, he was more excited than ourself; but he cooled down ere long, and began again.

"That woman," he said, "was, two years since, one of twenty shop-girls in a certain establishment down——(he gave us the names, but it is unnecessary to use them.) She was noticeable among her mates for her reserve, her industry, and her neatness. Her moral superiority, her modest dignity, and her tidy, lady-like air, attracted the attention of one of the firm, who, after a few months' attention, proposed, was accepted, and shortly became her husband."

"Go on," said we; for we could not comprehend how the wife of a wealthy merchant could be earning the humble pittance of a seamstress.

"The man," continued Job, "is of a proud, wealthy old Knickerbocker family, who did all they could to persuade him from disgracing (!) his blood by an alliance with so vulgar a person as a poor needle-woman; but finding him resolute, they allowed him to have his way. The marriage took place, but the snobs determined not to disgrace *themselves* by appearing at the wedding, or countenancing, in any way, the 'odious creachah.' The bridegroom, who has all the obstinacy of his race, resolved that they should, and gave, at the end of the honeymoon, a large party, which he insisted upon their attending. His will being the stronger of the two, they yielded, attended the party, and did all honor to the bride, who, however, with a quiet dignity which made their blood tingle to their finger-ends, gave them to know and to feel their distance!"

"Bravo!" we exclaimed. "'Tis better than a novel!"

"So far the romance," observed Job; "now for the reality. The lady, who received, but never returned, the visits of her new relatives, discovered, in the course of a few months, that she had got into a family who, with all their wealth and family pride, were exceedingly small potatoes."

"That is not her expression?" we said, inquiringly; for the idea of a heroine using such phrases as "small potatoes," rather detracted, in our estimation, from the dignity of her individuality.

"No," said Job, "it is mine. But you must let me tell the story in my own language, or I shall excuse myself from telling it at all."

"Go on, proceed, continue, push ahead, most respectable and respected son of the great empire of New Jersey, whose prolific soil surely never produced a greater tuber than thee."

"None of your nonsense!" said Job, bridling up. "I'd have you to know——"

"Son of New Jersey, I am listening!"

"They made great display," said Job, "but it was principally at the expense of their clerks, workwomen and servants whom they ground down to the merest pittance and even this they paid grudgingly. They lived like princes before company, but privately on the meagerest fare. There is a rumor that a poor rat, who had found his way from an apothecary's to one of their establishments, after making an inspection of the larder, in despair committed suicide, as preferable to famine by inches."

"Do you vouch for that?" we inquired.

"They pinched the butcher," continued Job, regardless of the interrogatory, "the baker, the grocer, the shoemaker—all, everybody with whom they had to do. They carried their meanness into everything. This was, however, the least of their vices."

"Spare us, O son of New Jersey—spare us!" we exclaimed, with a gesture half deprecating, half imploring.

"The husband of my fair friend had all the mosquito characteristics of his family. He was proud, penurious, selfish and contemptible. He made a sumptuous and magnificent show; but—it was *all* show. Except before company, his household literally lived in constant hunger. All this, however, was honorable. But there was that which, to a decent mind, was not. The man paid his bills with a grudging hand; he was small in all small things; he would pay his servants their scant wages in bank notes which he could not pass off in trade, because of their heavy discount; he would cut down, dispute, and fight to the last gasp every bill, however small or large; nothing was too scurvy—nothing too contemptible. To crown his individuality, he was a specious hypocrite, a steady cheat, an inveterate liar!"

"O, Job, last of the offspring of Eunice and Ebenezer! How mildly thou drawest him!"

"Slowly and by degrees," resumed Job, not heeding our remark, "the rank knavery of the patrician husband broke upon the young wife, who had been trained in a different school by poor but worthy parents, who, dying, had left to her for her sole inheritance a spotless name, and their own religious loyalty to God's honesty and truth!"

We pricked up our ears.

"She meditated," pursued Job, "meditated and prayed. She could not countenance falsehood, would have no part with deceit, shrunk from eating the bread of knavery.

"Slowly but firmly she came to a decision.

"After taking such steps as her judgment suggested, she sent for her husband, his relatives, and three respectable witnesses, none of whom could comprehend the brief but imperative summons.

"They were scarcely seated in the drawing-room, when she suddenly appeared before them in the plain, simple dress which she wore when a seamstress. In one hand she held a paper, in the other, a few articles in a handkerchief.

"Before the astonished assembly, she, in a firm but modest voice, relinquished, from that moment, all right and title to her husband's name, to his gifts of money, jewels and dresses, and to his property; released him forever from all obligation to support her; authorized him to take such legal steps as he throught proper for a divorce; and then, after explaining, in few but very intelligible words, her reasons for the step, handed the paper, which was a formal and duly executed renunciation of her claims as his wife, to her confused husband, and calling upon the witnesses to observe the freeness and sincerity with which she delivered it, she bowed to the bewildered assembly, left the room, and went out into the world, to earn with the needle, as before, BREAD OF WHICH SHE SHOULD NOT BE ASHAMED!

FRUITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

With the onward march of education and popular intelligence—mightily aided by the press—so characteristic of our age, how conspicuously do we mark the subjugation of the sterner elements which composed the social system of but a few generations past. As knowledge diffuses, the race becomes more humane. The tyrannical oppressions of coarse and brutal natures, so rife in the feudal days, have vanished, as the light of civilization discovered their deformity and ugliness. The spirit of universal good-will more and more animates mankind, and the world grows more and more weary of the antiquated heresy that would devote nine-tenths of our species to the degrading condition of vassals and slaves—little better than beasts of burthen. In the "dark," and not very remote ages, the monks of Europe were the close custodians and censors of learning—now the accumulated wealth of literature and knowledge is accessible to all. In those benighted days, when church and State dignitaries could seldom write their names, what wonder that intercourse was rude, and pastimes coarse and cruel? To the genius of popular instruction the world owes the fair metamorphosis of society. This has accelerated all the springs of human industry, made the earth a busy hive of curious artizans and noble thinkers, and dotted the ocean with peaceful commerce. This has caused the declension of crime and misery, by inducing the conciliatory, in place of the old coercive discipline. We live in the golden age of the world, when every day sees man more and more exalted, as man, and when mankind are fast illustrating the brotherhood due to their common, divine paternity.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Mechanic, who says he has "received a good common education, and quite thorough as far as it goes," wants some advice as to how he can make his future reading and study the most profitable. In the first place, you should select good works, which you will undoubtedly do, as your letter indicates the possession on your part of a naturally refined taste and strong common sense. Books of importance of any kind, and especially complete treatises on any subject, should be first read in a general and cursory manner, to learn a little what the treatise promises, and what may be expected from the writer's manner and skill; and because there may be many difficulties in the work, which you cannot easily understand and conquer at the first reading, for want of a fuller comprehension of the author's whole scheme. And, therefore, in such treatises you should not stay until you master every difficulty at the first perusal, for perhaps many of these would appear to be solved when you have proceeded further in the book, or would vanish of themselves upon a second reading. You should also remember that your business in reading or in conversation, especially on subjects of natural, moral, or divine science, is not merely to know the opinion of the author or speaker, for this is but the mere knowledge of history, but your chief business is to consider whether their opinions are right or not, and to improve your own solid knowledge of that subject, by meditation on the themes of their writing or discourse. Deal freely with every author you read, and yield up your assent only to evidence and just reasoning on the subject. In the compositions of men, remember you are a man as well as they; and it is not *their* reason but *your own*, that is given to guide you when you arrive at years of discretion, of manly age and judgment. The best way to learn any science is to begin with a regular system, or a short and plain scheme of that science well drawn up into a narrow compass, omitting the deeper and more abstruse parts of it, and that also under the conduct and instruction of some skillful teacher. After you are grown well acquainted with a short system or compendium of a science, which is written in the plainest and most simple manner, it is then proper to read a large regular treatise on that subject, if you design a complete knowledge and cultivation of it; and either while you are reading this larger system, or after you have done it, then occasional discourses and essays upon the particular subjects and parts of that science may be read with the greatest profit.

Emiline.—The poem to which you refer is quite noted in certain quarters. It is certainly beautiful, and as strong a plea for "indolence" as can be made for anything not in itself commendable. We here give it entire:—

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent,
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;
So is the violet, fragrant and lowly;
Drinking in quietness, peace, and content;
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent! yes I am indolent!
So is the cloud overhanging the mountain,
So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its eloquent psalm;
Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
Silent as blossoms the night dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent!
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,
Midnight and morning, by forest and sea;
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,
Lonely in autumn's forlorn lamentation,
Hopeful and happy with spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent! are ye not indolent?
Thralls of the earth, and its usages weary;
Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Toiling and sinning to heap up your gold.
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion,
Crushing the freshness of every emotion;
Hearts like the dead, that are pulseless and cold!

Indolent! indolent! art thou not indolent?
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost!
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent?—Art thou not lost?

A Lady of Property, who has often to read legal documents, is much perplexed by such terms as vendor, vender, vendee, assignor, assignee, mortgager, mortgageor, mortgagee, &c., &c., &c., and she wants to know if there is any rule or system that will help her to remember what these terms mean, and enable her to distinguish between the *ors*, *ers* and *ees* of the same class? Yes. In nouns of a legal meaning, those ending in *er* or *or* have an *active* signification, and denote the person *by* whom something is done or given; while those ending in *ee* have a passive signification, and denote the person *to* or *for* whom something is done, or *to* whom something is given. Thus, the vend*er* or vend*or* (the spellings *er* and *or* are used indifferently, and mean the same thing) is the person who *sells* something, and the vend*ee* is the buyer, or the party *to whom it is sold*. If you give any body a mortgage on your house and lot, you are the mort*gager* or mortgage*or*, the maker of the mortgage, and the person to whom it is given, and for whose benefit it is made, is the mortgag*ee*. A legat*or* is one who bequeaths a legacy, and the legat*ee* is the lucky person to whom the legacy is given. By remembering that the *er* or *or* party is the *actor*, or the one who *does* or *gives* something, and that the *ee* party is the one *to* or *for* whom the thing is done, or *to* whom the gift is made, you will avoid all perplexity in regard to the meaning of the terms.

A Widow's Husband.—We cannot help laughing at your predicament and at your "outrageous annoyances," although we are ready to admit that they must be "grievous to be borne." Such constant references, on your wife's part, to the incomparable excellencies of your predecessor, must "cut you up awfully," as you say they do, inasmuch as you "are so jealous and sensitive." But why not get rid of your jealousy and sensitiveness? It strikes us that, inasmuch as you have no hope of your wife's ever ceasing to sing the praises of her first husband, her *second* should learn to take the praise as pleasantly as though it were meant for himself. Or, perhaps, if you could rake up the memory of some old sweetheart, or *invent* a memory for the occasion, and play her off against husband number one, you might silence your spouse's irritating panegyrics upon the deceased. Or, why not draw consolation from them, by imagining that when you shall be under the sod, your wife will talk in the same enthusiastic manner about you, to her third husband.

Hard Up.—You had better continue with your present employer, at the reduced wages he is now paying, until you can find a sure chance to better yourself. A person who once gets fairly afloat without employment, at this season of the year, and during the prevalency of such hard times, will find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to get a situation, unless he possesses commanding abilities. The old proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread," should be constantly remembered now-a-days.

J. B.—Could you not get up half an hour earlier than has been your custom, and thus secure thirty minutes for exercise with the dumb-bells? You know the old adage—"Where there's a *will* there's a *way*."

The Doctor.—Anchovy sauce is made from a small fish, about three inches in length, of the herring genus, that is found and caught in vast numbers in the Mediterranean. The fish is called the anchovy.

Stella.—Our time is too precious to bestow it upon the reading and criticism of "verses." You say you "will give *any price* for our opinion." Well, what do you say to giving a thousand dollars for it?—which is no great sum down this way. Girls should learn to find out just what they mean, and then confine themselves to the briefest and clearest expression of it possible—and boys should do likewise. You also declare that you "would not care how severely we criticised your poems." There again you speak at random. Not one writer in a hundred can stand *criticism*. What they usually mean when they ask for criticism is—*praise*. And anything but praise they denominate "a personal attack," or "a malicious disparagement," or whatever else will answer as a poultice for their lacerated conceit.

Jocko.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself for practicing deceit upon so good a father. Go to him at once, tell him the whole story, concealing nothing and exaggerating nothing, and then follow his advice. If you do not do this, you will regret it as long as you retain a spark of conscience or the least degree of self-respect.

Parsimony.—Your parents undoubtedly have good reasons for economizing their expenditures so severely at this time. Instead of complaining thereat, you should go to work and help earn your subsistence, and do all that is in your power to make the home-fireside cheerful and pleasant.

Beula.—You had better break off the engagement. A young man who will persist in using indecorous language in the presence of females must have some unsafe characteristics which will be apt to develope into bad traits of character.

Harvard College.—The "professor" to whom you refer must have misunderstood your question, or else you did not catch the full import of his reply, for we are certain that so accomplished a scholar would not say that the terms *forefathers*, *progenitors*, and *ancestors*, mean *exactly* the same thing, and that there is not the *slightest difference* in the ideas or relations which they respectively express. By consulting any good authority on the subject you will learn that *forefathers* signifies our "fathers before us," and includes our immediate parents; that *progenitors* signifies those begotten before us, *exclusive* of our immediate parents; while *ancestors*, contracted from *antecessors* or those going before, is used when we wish to speak of those from whom we are remotely descended. *Forefathers* is a partial and familiar term for the preceding branches of *any* family; while *progenitors* is a higher term in the same sense, applied to families of distinction. In monarchic countries this distinction is always made by good writers, who speak of the *forefathers* of a peasant, but the *progenitors* of a nobleman. Furthermore, progenitors and forefathers, but particularly the former, are said mostly of individuals, and respect the regular line of succession in a family; while *ancestors* is employed collectively as well as individually, and regards simply the order of succession. We may speak of the "ancestors" of a nation as well as of any particular person; and the term may also be applied figuratively, as in the following instance (by Dr Young):—

"O majestic night!
Nature's great ancestor!"

By searching thoroughly into the derivation and etymology of these words and of their relatives, you will soon see clearly why these distinctions are made, and the exercise would be highly beneficial to you in many respects.

Alleghany.—No. It is not fair, or honest, or Christian-like, to cheat in any kind of a trade. We know it is customary for men who pass for honest and upright people to conceal the defects and exaggerate the excellencies of goods, and horses, and houses which they wish to sell; but, notwithstanding this, we think that no really honest man would be guilty of deception under any circumstances whatever. No man can justly lay claim to honesty, who does not tell the truth, even though by so doing he injures his own interests; and there is no truth but the *whole truth*. Half the truth is oftentimes a downright falsehood, and he who knowingly stops short of setting forth the entire facts pertinent to a given case is guilty of lying. Dishonest men may squirm and writhe on these pointed statements as they please, but they cannot gainsay them. The fact is, there is far too little genuine honesty in the transactions of society, and especially among business men. The Son of Sirach says, "As a nail sticketh between the stones of a wall, so sticketh sin between buying and selling;" and it is the same now as it was thirty centuries ago, and we suppose it will be no better for thirty centuries to come.

Honoria.—You are not the only woman who, in her girlhood, wasted many precious hours in "dabbling" in music and drawing, without the slightest benefit to yourself or anybody else. Hundreds and thousands of girls have done the same thing before you, and myriads will continue the same foolish practice hereafter. However, we do not totally condemn the elegant accomplishments of drawing and music; we condemn only the abuse of these accomplishments; we only wish that they should be considered as domestic occupations, not as matters of competition or exhibition, or yet as the means of attracting temporary admiration. One of the best motives that a woman can have to cultivate these talents after she marries, is the hope and belief that she may be essentially serviceable in the instruction of her family. And that she *may* be essentially serviceable, let no false humility lead her to doubt. She need not be anxious for the rapid progress of her little pupils; if she inspires them with a desire to excel, with the habits of attention and industry, they will certainly succeed, sooner or later, in whatsoever it is desirable they should learn.

Hetty Homespun.—Let the foolish fop go. An honest country girl should know better than to fall in love with a city dandy. Suppose he should marry you! Could you grace his city home and bear your part among his fashionable relatives and friends? Of course you could not. You would be miserable in such a set. Nor could he properly fill a station in your home. He would be the but and laughing-stock of every plow-boy. Dry your tears, and marry some one of the fine young fellows of your neighborhood.

Palestine.—A thousand dollars would be an insufficient sum wherewith to undertake a journey to Greece, Jerusalem and St. Petersburgh. We cannot say positively that a man could not visit all those places at an expense not exceeding a thousand dollars, but we are quite certain that we should not feel safe to undertake the trip on less than three thousand. One is liable to many accidents and unlooked for expenses in traveling in strange countries.

Eclipse.—We do not know what a photograph of your horse would cost. Among those who paint the "likenesses of horses," the charge for a painting 22 × 27 or 24 × 32 varies from $30 to $50, according to the degree of finish desired. It will take the artist from ten to fifteen days to complete the picture, after he has seen and sketched the horse. Where more than one copy of the likeness is wanted, a reasonable deduction is made on the price of copies.

A Young Lady writes us that she is twenty-four years of age, tall, well-formed, considered handsome, of good disposition, thoroughly educated, and in want of a husband; and she wishes us to help her get a good partner for life. We shall not do it. The idea of a woman's addressing a stranger on such a subject is disgusting to us. Whenever such an instance occurs, we cannot help thinking the writer has a pressing reason for her haste to get married.

Brinsley Oakes.—You should wait until you are of age before marrying, especially as your parents are opposed to the match. Your father has a perfect right to interpose his authority while you are a minor, and especially while you depend on him for your daily food and your entire support. No one has a right to talk of "independence," who does not earn his own living.

Walter.—The ichneumon is found in Egypt, Barbary, the south of Asia, and the Indian Islands. The orang-outang is found in Africa, and it is stated by some authorities that it is also native to southern Asia and to Australia.

N. P. B.—We do not know of any one who would buy your old coins. Perhaps by advertising you might find some one who fancies such things that would pay you many times their real value for them.

G. W. R.—Why not buy what gutta percha you want, instead of searching for a recipe for its composition and manufacture? It would cost you many dollars to *make* as much as you could *buy* for fifty cents.

O. P. Q.—We do not wish to make this or any other department of the Ledger a registry of quack doctors. You had better avoid them altogether; and if you want medical aid or advice, apply to some reputable physician.

An Anxious Mother.—The injudicious practice of bringing up girls above their expectations, which you so vehemently and justly denounce, originated in a common opinion that a good education is more valuable than a dowry—the sentiment being a good one, and the error consisting in a misapprehension of what constitutes a good education. No system of instruction can properly be denominated *good* which is not appropriate to those who receive it. It cannot be supposed that a washerwoman will serve her customers better for having learned to dance the polka or play upon the pianoforte, or that a mechanic will turn out better work for having wasted a year or two in obtaining a smattering of Latin and Greek. In this country, young women are always liable to an unfortunate change of circumstances, on which account the advantage of exercising well-ordered economy and of acquiring the art of managing the expenditure of the income in the most advantageous manner is apparent, and generally devolves upon the female partner, whose acquirements in youth should therefore be directed to objects of utility, in preference to those that are merely ornamental. Domestic duties stand distinguished as pre-eminently useful; a moderate situation requires that they should be performed in person, an avocation which cannot be judiciously discharged without considerable knowledge and attention. The art of economizing, and rendering all kinds of food as palatable and nourishing as possible, by different modes of cookery, will repay the mistress of a household for the investigation, and should indisputably form a part of the regular instruction of girls. To this, as they advance towards maturity, may profitably be added the knowledge of the value of all the necessary articles consumed in a family, whether for the table or the wardrobe, and the quantities of each which are requisite for their respective uses. As theory is of little avail unless exemplified by practice, they should be habituated to exercise the department of housekeeper under the inspection of their mother, not only by purchasing the different commodities wanted for the use of a family, but likewise by keeping an exact account of the domestic expenses, which will afford opportunities of teaching them a judicious application of money, and giving them distinct ideas, where frugality may properly be exerted, and where greater latitude may be allowed. Neither will some information concerning the use of domestic medicine, or kitchen physic, as it is called, be without its advantages, as well as skill in preparing broths and other things for the sick. The management of a sick-chamber, to the attendance of which women are so often called, should not be left to the uncertainty of inexperience: girls should be initiated in the best methods of alleviating the sufferings and contributing to the comforts of those who are indisposed. In forming a system of instruction for the daughters of persons who must depend upon their own industry and skill for a livelihood, a selection should be made of those studies which require the smallest consumption of time, and which are likely to contribute to usefulness. A grammatical knowledge of the English language, and an intimate acquaintance with the best authors who have excelled in history, biography, poetry, and morality, are indispensable. Simple mathematics are so advantageous in accustoming the mind to method both in reasoning and practice, that it is to be greatly desired that they may more generally compose a part of female education. Arithmetic especially, and the knowledge of book-keeping, should be taught fundamentally, as the means of contributing to the success of every business undertaken in case of necessity.

Hermann.—The "trial by ordeal" was an ancient and now obsolete mode of trial in criminal cases, when a prisoner who pleaded not guilty, might choose whether he would put himself for trial upon God and his country, by twelve men, as at this day, or upon God only, and then it was called "the judgment of God," upon the presumption that He would deliver the innocent. Of the "trial by ordeal" there were two kinds; one by *fire*, the other by *water*. Those who were tried by the fire ordeal passed barefooted and blindfolded over nine hot glowing ploughshares, or were to carry burning irons in their hands, and accordingly as they escaped, they were judged innocent or guilty, acquitted or condemned. The water ordeal was performed in either hot or cold: in cold water, the parties suspected were adjudged innocent, if their bodies were borne up by the water, contrary to the course of nature; in hot water, they were to put their bare arms and legs into scalding water, and if they brought them out unharmed, they were adjudged innocent of the crime of which they had been charged. The fire ordeal was for freemen and persons of better condition; and the water ordeal for bondsmen and rustics. The "wager of battle" was altogether a different mode of determining the guilt or innocence of a party, and was only resorted to by knights and men of high degree. In this case, the accused or accuser demanded a resort to arms, and then the two parties met on an appointed day, and, in the presence of the immense concourse which such an event always drew together, fought till one or the other was vanquished or slain, and the one who conquered was adjudged to be in the right, and his defeated adversary was declared to have been in the wrong.

An Old Subscriber says that several weeks ago he invited a certain young lady to accompany him on a pic-nic excursion that was soon to come off, and that his invitation was accepted. The day before the pic-nic he received a note from the young lady in which he was told that she had "altered her mind," and should not be able to accompany him. Mistrusting that all was not right, our correspondent set vigorously at work to investigate the mysterious affair, and, to his great indignation, learned that the "fair girl" had planned to go to the pic-nic with a man whom he had long suspected of being his enemy and rival. The injured Adonis at once determined on his course. At an early hour the next morning he armed himself with a cowhide, and took up a position that commanded a clear view of the front of his treacherous sweetheart's home. In a short time his rival drove up to the door with a "stunning" turn-out. Our correspondent rushed forward, and by the time the new-comer's foot touched the pavement he stood by his side, brandishing the cowhide. The interchange of greetings was but short and pointed before the combat began. Our friend soon discovered that he had been altogether too hasty in the matter, as he was no match for his rival, who wrested the cowhide from his hand, gave him a sound thrashing, and then rode off triumphantly with the young lady, who came out just in time to see the last half dozen blows administered. Our correspondent now wants to know "what he had better do about it?" Our opinion is that he had better keep still, or else secretly take lessons in boxing until he is quite assured that he will be able to flog his rival, and then call on him for an "explanation."

A Friend.—Tipping & Crum, of your city, should not charge six and a quarter cents for the Ledger. Five cents is the utmost price that should be asked for it in any section of the Union, and we are glad to know that, with some half-a-dozen exceptions, the newsdealers throughout the country act in accordance with this fact. Hereafter, we will send the Ledger by mail to places where more than five cents is charged for it.

Ardent Lover.—You should increase your income before taking to yourself such a lovely and accomplished wife as you mention. A thousand dollars a year, though it does very well for you alone, would not be enough to support an educated couple of refined tastes in this city, or in its suburbs. "Refined tastes" are costly characteristics.

B. A. K.—When you go with the young lady to get the daguerreotypes, pay for both of them, without saying anything to her in regard to the price of them. Do not refer to the subject at all. It is always awkward to talk about such matters under such circumstances. The pleasantest and politest way is to say nothing.

Isabel Carlton.—Do you wish us to understand that you offer yourself for sale. If not, why do you send such a catalogue of your beauties and "fine points?" Our advice to you is, that you attend regularly to your devotions, eat plain food, avoid all spices, and drink nothing warmer than ice-water.

N. M. L.—The Vatican is a magnificent palace in Rome, for the Pope and his Cardinals. It is so named, because it is built on the Vatican hill. The "thunders of the Vatican" is a phrase applied to the anathemas and bulls of the Pope, which are dated at, and issued from, the Vatican palace.

Judith.—The best way to find your brother would be to advertize for him in the leading journals of New York, London, and Paris. You would be justified in extending to him sympathy and aid, notwithstanding the tyrannical commands of your guardian.

Heir-at-Law.—Perhaps a copy of the will which you are so sure was executed, can be found among the papers of your uncle's old solicitor.

N. L. S.—The measure which Milton chose is the best for blank verse; but if you do not think so, you are at liberty to choose any measure you please.

Deserted.—You can, of course, prosecute your faithless wife for bigamy; but in seeking to punish her, will you not inflict an irreparable injury upon your children?

Poema.—Please save your postage stamps, and not annoy us with any more unsought for and unwished for contributions.

City Hall.—If you are in haste to get a judgment, and the claim does not exceed $500, bring the suit in the Marine Court.

Justice.—If you have good proof, sue the deceiver for breach of promise; if not, let him go. You are incompetent to determine the matter without the aid of counsel.

Evangeline.—Your children will receive no harm from reading fairy tales, "Mother Goose's Melodies," the "Arabian Nights," and similar works.

Joroloman.—All we know about real estate in Brooklyn is that it is very low. Now is a good time to buy such property.

William the Norman.—You can obtain the information you desire in any good history of Greece.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*